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(to be used)

THE  
**MAGPIE.**

JUNE, 1896.

10  
cents.

\$1  
a  
year.

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The only successful Magazine in the South.



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For desert on page 1 the indulgent reader will read *dessert*, and Nelly Bly on page 5 was *disguised*, not disguised.

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# THE MAGPIE.

VOL. I.

JUNE, 1896.

No. 1.

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## DERIVATION.

MAG—MAGAZINE. PIE—NOT OUR NATIONAL DESERT, NOR YET, AS SOME HAVE MALICIOUSLY INTIMATED, THE PI INTO WHICH TYPE MAY FALL, BUT THE GREEK  $\pi$  THAT LETTER, SYMBOL OF THE MYSTERIOUS NUMBER WHICH MULTIPLIED INTO OUR MEAGRE HUMAN DIAMETERS WILL MAKE US THE WELL-ROUNDED CIRCLES OF OUR IDEALS.

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## THE COWSLIP.

IT brings my mother back to me,  
Thy frail, familiar form to see,  
Which was her homely joy ;  
And strange, that one so weak as thou,  
Shouldst lift the veil that sunders now  
The mother and the boy.

JOHN B. TABB.

---

## THE PROFESSING BURGLAR.

IT was a bitterly cold night. A young man stumbled along the road, numbed and weary. Through the gaps in his clothing the wind shrieked. The road was broad, and looked as if much travelled, yet for a long time he had not seen a house. This was probably because he had resolved to seek shelter at the next one he came to.

At length he saw a large, well-lighted mansion close to the road. He went through the gate, then hesitated

a long time, in spite of the cold, trying to make up his mind whether to knock at the back or at the front door of the house. His shabby clothes urged him to seek the back door, but the gentility in his heart, and his lofty purpose to seek the bong tree urged him to go to the front door, as befitted his true worth. Finally he went to the side door.

This door led into a cosy study where sat an intelligent looking man of some fifty autumns. At the knock he raised his head and smiled in an interested way. "I wonder if it can be the A.-Conan-Doyle, omniscient detective," he said to himself. "It would be worth any little temporary inconvenience, to see him at last."

Without any hesitation he went to the door and admitted the young man. "I am very glad to see you," he said, with quiet hospitality, "whether you are a detective or not."

"A detective?" repeated the young man, bewildered.

"Yes; but never mind. I'll go and get you something to eat, and then we can talk it over at our leisure."

He left the room, slamming the door as he went out. The young man stood in front of the fire, turning around from time to time as the front or the back of his body got too warm, but avoiding a near approach to the flames for fear of chilblains. After getting well warmed, he sat down in a rocking chair and almost dozed away, so sleepy had the change from the cold and the wind made him.

In about twenty minutes the older man came back with an appetizing meal on a striped japanned tray.

"What is your profession?" suddenly asked the host.

"I am seeking the bong tree," replied the young man, modestly.

The straightforward answer pleased the older man. "That's right; I hate hypocrisy," he said, approvingly. "Now *I'm* a burglar.

"Indeed!" politely answered the young man; "that accounts for your interest in detectives."

"Yes," he assented; "and I think I may say, without vanity, that they are equally interested in me. I am looking—have been looking all my life—for one of those fellows you read about in books. When I heard your knock at the side door I was in hopes that I'd found one. Detectives sometimes come here (though this is my private residence) but they always come either to the front door as distinguished visitors, or to the back door as working men: when you came to the side door I had great hopes that the real perspicacious, inductive, deductive, analytical—in a word, the detective of literature was upon me. And when I saw your clothes, my best fears seem confirmed; for they—if you will pardon my saying so—would lead the ordinarily reasoning detective to go to the back door. A detective of uncommon talent might have come cheekily up to the front door in them: but none except a genius would have conceived of the *juste milieu* of the side door. Then your answer to my question about your profession particularly pleased me: it was so absurd. Any ordinary detective would have scorned a subterfuge like that."

The young man smiled with his eyes in the manner novels tell us about, his mouth being full of chicken.

"Of course I know now," continued the burglar, "that you are not what I first took you to be. Aside

from your word, which I would not question, your conduct since your arrival has convinced me that my hopes and suspicions were incorrect. It was a mistake of mine to slam the door when I went out to get your supper: it would immediately have put you on your guard, had you been the Sherlock Holmes I took you for, and you would have surmised that I was watching you through some secret aperture—as indeed I was—and would have refrained from examining the room, in your keen way, during my absence. But as I re-entered the room, you could not, had you been ten times old Sherlock Holmes, have helped giving me a quick, searching glance. When I saw you dozing by the fire, I knew at once that you were what you pretended to be, an earnest, self-respecting searcher after the bong tree.

The young man, having finished his meal, had again drawn his chair to the fire, listening intently the while to his host's words. The burglar was pleased at this attention and brought forth a bottle of choice wine.

"I don't mind rattling on in this way to you, because I see you're a gentleman—or are you a reporter?" he broke off.

"Can't one be both?" queried the young man, pleasantly.

"Ah! there you open up a grave subject like, 'Can the two-headed girl play *besique* with herself or only *solitaire*?' The reason I ask, however, is because with reporters I like to be particularly exact in my language. You can understand that I would rather not have all my professional secrets given away to the public—I may want to write a book or go on the stage myself some day—and I have to tell reporters

the exact truth, in order that as garbled and inaccurate a description as possible may appear in print. Did you see Nelly Bly's account in the Sunday World, last year, of an interview she had with me? She came disguised as an English deceased wife's sister, collecting funds to repeal the obnoxious law.

"Of course I saw through her in an instant. I told her that though I had managed to gather together a respectable sum of money, by skilful burglary and strict attention to business, I had no money to squander in any foolish way. I further explained to her all my methods, and drew diagrams to help her. Well, I expected she would mix things up somewhat, but I certainly was surprised when she described me as an eccentric philanthropist who yearly spent thousands in helping the poor of the East Side of New York; was anonymously associated with Nathan Strauss in his coal yard scheme; and was fitting up a farm in New Hampshire with a theatre, race-course, and other attractions, where the depraved of both sexes could be brought and given a chance to reform, without being obliged to lose those excitements of the city which keep so many depraved persons from going to the country and leading a better life."

Though the young man was intensely interested in the bright and animated talk of his host, the latter saw that he was tired; and conducting him to the guest chamber, left him for the night.

"I have taken singular fancy to you," said the professing burglar next morning at breakfast to the young man, "and should like to know your name, if you have no objection."

"I was christened Nicholas Simpkins," answered the young man simply. "They call me Nick, for short."

"Thank you," said the burglar. "My name is Alias. I had it changed to that at the outset of my career. It was a little thing, but it has caused the officers of the law more annoyance, I believe, than anything else I have ever done. I find that in burgling, as in other things, honesty is the best policy. For instance, this house is my private residence, where I may almost always be found. I make no secret of it whatever, yet am rarely disturbed. My business office is in one of the deepest and most inaccessible caverns in those mountains to the south of us. I rarely go there, because it is watched day and night by detectives. I publicly announced that I should never go there except at intervals when I had thrown the detectives off the scent. When I do want to visit my office, for any reason, I write them at what time and date I am coming. Of course that sends the detectives flying in all directions; for they feel convinced that I am about to rob some bank or break into some millionaire's cottage. Then after I have come away I tell them so, and back they troop to watch my office again. Poor fellows, I pity them ever so much: it's very lonely and unhealthy up there, and wears them out terribly. I was talking to a reformed detective only yesterday, and he said he would rather be put in solitary confinement on bread and water than try to catch me again."

The burglar laughed a clear ringing laugh, at the remembrance; then his eyes softened: "Once or twice," he admitted almost bashfully, "I did burgle a little when they expected me to, just to cheer them

up. It would have done your soul good to see how they brightened.—But I was speaking of my name, Alias. I believe that the aggregate time spent over my name by different detectives must amount to ten or twelve years. As I said before, honesty is the best policy in burglary as in every other profession. This the tortuous-minded detectives can't grasp. They always ask, 'Alias what?' (you know it generally is alias something, as Purdy alias Williams)."

Nicholas smiled intelligently, showing a set of regular, handsome teeth. The burglar had not noticed how handsome they were before, and they distracted his attention for a few seconds, though he soon resumed the thread of his remarks.

"Sometimes I have been really within their power; but they became so bothered over my name that I easily effected an escape. But tell me something about yourself."

"Well, I intend—"

"Begin at the beginning," interrupted the burglar.

"Well, then, my name is Simpkins—"

"First name, please," good-naturedly interrupted the burglar, again.

"I didn't begin with a first name," quizzically replied the youth. "They didn't choose Nicholas till I was some three weeks old. My mother"—he chuckled—"she makes me smile."

"Why?" demanded Alias, astonished.

"Partly because she's so fat, and partly because she told me to. Just before I started out to seek the bong tree, she called me into her boudoir and said: 'Nicholas,' said she, 'most young men have their eyes become moist when they think of their mother, because they think how bad they've been and how



she would have pampered them if they'd staid at home and behaved themselves. I have brought you up, Nicholas, with a set of principles which will keep you from ever suffering the pangs of remorse. When you think of me, I want you to smile: it is the best legacy I can give you in this sad world.'"

"Your mother was a sensible woman," said the burglar warmly. "I dare say if I'd had such a mother I never should have burgled."

Young Simpkins was too tactful to pursue the conversation any further along that line. He began: "The bong—"

"Ah yes! Do you think you shall find it?" Alias gave Simpkins a curious, sidelong glance.

"Yes, I hope to. My idea is that a man can attain to anything that he really desires, if he will work hard enough, and stick to it."

"Like the theory that any man can marry any woman, and vice versa—very good as a working hypothesis as long as you don't try to work it; but with undoubted exceptions, even besides the cases where two or mere men want the same woman, or vice versa."

There was a pause after this. Nicholas felt that he was in the presence of a greater mind than his own; and Alias was struggling dimly with a new sensation, one that as yet he hardly understood.

Alias was the first to break the silence: "Would not some other tree," he queried anxiously, "do as well? We read a great deal in the society papers nowadays of family trees: would not a very fine family tree satisfy you?"

"No I am afraid not. You see I have set my heart on the bong tree, and—"

"Yes, yes," the burglar sadly answered, "I have felt its fatal fascination myself." He ruminated deeply. His had not been mere idle questions. The burglar as I said was struggling with a new feeling—the feeling of remorse. After all these years it had overtaken him. "Wouldn't *any* other tree do?" he asked desperately.

"No," the young man answered firmly, "it wouldn't."

Alias groaned. All his life he had taken special care of his liver and of his digestion, hoping to escape remorse as well as other diseases of the interior—but now remorse gnawed at his vitals; for he loved the young man and foresaw nothing for him but long years of blankness. The burglar bowed his head and wept bitter tears. The words his simple old pastor had addressed to him as a boy came back to him: "My son, never burgle!" For thirty years he had thought of them only with amusement. Now for the first time the awful grandeur of their significance burst full upon him.

He grasped the hand of the earnest searcher after the bong tree, who, amazed at this unwonted display of emotion, inquired what the trouble might be.

"Can—can you still b—be my friend?" sobbed the unfortunate burglar. "Your quest is in vain. Twenty years ago I—from mere wantonness—I stole the bong tree.

KENNETH BROWN.

## MIDSUMMER DAY.

I watch her as she trips along  
The hot and dusty city street,  
And 'midst the busy, bustling throng  
I see her figure, trim and neat.

The dull old buildings seem to be  
The brighter, as she passes by,  
And all the world, it seems to me,  
Is fairer for that lassie's eye.

I wonder if the other men  
Fail this strange witchcraft to discover,  
It may be that they do—but then,  
The difference is, you know, I love her.

CHARLES MINOR BLACKFORD, JR.

---

## TWO BOOKS OF SEX.

“ROSE, of Dutcher's Cooley,”\* which has made a ripple recently on the current of literature, is the story of a girl who rose in the world though hampered, subjectively and objectively, by what *Vogue* calls sex-attraction. Mr. Hamlin Garland, who writes of Rose, is a man with a mission to depict the primal passions, and to wear out the word “clean.” Now a man with a mission is a bad man to meet, for us whose only mission is hoeing corn; because we are either moved to stop hoeing corn and follow the man

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\*Rose, of Dutcher's Cooley, by Hamlin Garland; \$1.50 postpaid. Stone and Kimball, New York.

with the mission, which is bad for the corn; or else we are moved to stop hoeing corn and throw stones at the man with the mission, which is equally bad for the corn, and cruel besides. The philosopher alone can afford to listen to the man with the mission; for the philosopher can say, "Yes, there is some truth in that": but even the philosopher may find himself in a bad fix, since he pleases neither side, and both may be diverted to throwing stones at *him*.

I think Mr. Garland has succeeded pretty well. From internal evidence his book seems to present a true picture of the life he draws. It is a rather discouraging picture as, perhaps, all true, realistic pictures are; and it has been assailed with the abuse which truth frequently calls forth. On the other hand, Mr. Howells and others have praised it with loud praises. It is an interesting book and well worth reading.

Mr. Garland's abuse of the word "clean," is another matter. It is his pet word; but he works it hard for a pet, and undoubtedly ought to pay it extra, as Humpty Dumpty paid his words for extra work in "Alice."

It would be interesting to know how many times Mr. Garland uses "clean" in this book. Everybody is clean: the young men who call on the girls; the graduating class at Madison; the baggagemen on the train; the acrobats in the circus; the members of the four hundred in Chicago:—one wonders why a man's being clean strikes Mr. Garland as so very significant. Personally, I think the book a "clean" book, though hardly suitable for *la jeune personne*.

Speaking of the abuse which certain critics have meted out to Rose, of Dutcher's Cooley, I have never

seen a better case of misrepresentation, without actual misstatement, than in the review which the *Bachelor of Arts* gave it. I read the review first, and when I came to the book, I found that the *Bachelor* had, in all of its most telling points, left out some circumstance which altered the whole complexion of affairs, or failed to tell the connection in which such and such a thing happened, or otherwise had altered matters so that the whole impression was false.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Elbert Hubbard will probably be surprised to see his essay on "The Song of Songs: which is Solomon's,"\* spoken of in connection with Rose, of Dutcher's Cooley; and I dare say Mr. Garland will be equally so. Mr. Hubbard's study is one of the daintiest, yet one of the most thoughtful and fearless pieces of composition since *The Wings of Icarus*.

To begin with the lesser merit, the book itself is beautiful. One is almost afraid to read it, since it does not seem probable that such fine feathers can cover a fine bird. But when one begins to read the series of paragraphs—connected yet complete in themselves—which make up the study, one forgets all about the beauty of the book, in the thoughts which it holds.

Mr. Garland writes of love from the mire of mere sexual attraction up. Mr. Hubbard writes of love from the point where most people stand, up into ideals

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\*The Song of Songs: which is Solomon's; being a reprint of the text, together with a Study by Elbert Hubbard; \$2. The Roycroft Printing Shop, East Aurora, N. Y. The price for the few remaining copies advanced to \$5.

which, by comparison, make our ordinary point of view seem the mire.

Both books treat largely and frankly with the question of sex, and both will shock that respectable and unimaginative class of people who confound innocence and ignorance. Yet, unless polluted by the mind of the reader himself, Rose, of Dutcher's Cooley, is as elevating in kind, if not in degree, as Mr. Hubbard's study of the Song of Songs: which is Solomon's.

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#### ON EASTER-DAY.\*

**O**N Easter-Day I love to wear  
My new spring bonnet, rich and rare;  
So, to be seen, to church I go;  
Although I love not church, you know,  
At other hats I fain would stare.

I know my friends will all be there,  
For days I lay my plans with care  
My gown and hat full well to show,  
On Easter-Day.

I carefully look everywhere,  
But *my* hat is beyond compare,  
I see the glances roving slow  
Stop at my hat.—With head bent low  
And soul content, I say my prayer  
On Easter-Day.

FRANCESCA BROWN.

---

\*We admit that this is a little late for last Easter;  
but then how early it is for next.—ED.

## LITTLE THINGS.

I HESITATED some time between the editorial We of ordinary periodicals and the omniscient I of other miniature magazines. I inclined rather to the plural and was going to call this department MIKRO-KOSMOS. But friends came and said, "Now don't try to spring any long words on us: you *know* you don't know what that means." And they said other things which convinced me that little i and "Little Things" were more appropriate to the humble opinion my friends had of me.

\* \* \*

Which reminds me of a book agent who came to the house the other day. He had a book called the *Makers of America*, I believe, with short biographies of Andrew Jackson and Julia Ward Howe and Jay Gould, and everybody else. It was one of those books which looks as if each of the "makers" had paid ten dollars to have his portrait inserted—see the *Sad Tale of Initials* following. The book agent was persistent, though stammering. He turned over every page—I forgot how many there were, though he mentioned the number as an inducement—and read the title under each portrait like this: "E-e-edison, th-the wiz-wiz-wiz-wizard of sus-science." He called my attention to the beautiful borders of scroll work in baby blue, and pink, and mauve and cerise, and lavender, and such, which he was sure would appeal to a person of refinement and culture as I appeared to be.

When I finally convinced him that the *Makers of*

America in scroll work borders would not adorn my bookshelf, his hesitating way left him.

"Well *here*," he said triumphantly, "I have a book that I am *sure* will suit," and he carefully unwrapped "The Celebrated Holmes Murder Case, With Portraits of the Murderer and all his Victims."

\* \* \*

Initials are very annoying sometimes.

I know a fellow who sent a story to a "prize competition" which the *Editor* once had. The *Editor* is a paper of James Knapp Reeve, which people who can't write, take and send testimonials to, telling how much it has helped them. Well this fellow I knew didn't win the prize, but got a nice, chaste letter from James, telling him how too bad it was that he hadn't won the prize and offering him five dollars for the sketch. The fellow I knew accepted with alacrity, and thought that at last fame was about to pounce upon him.

A day or two later he got another letter from James saying that he very much desired to publish a full-page picture of him, and would print it on the first page of the *Editor* for twenty dollars, or on an inside page for ten "and have," he concluded, "the electro made at our expense, turning same over to you afterwards."

My friend did not accept this offer. To begin with he was nothing special to look at; and since he had neither a pepsin gum to advertise, nor a three dollar shoe, nor a vegetable compound, the "electro" was of no use to him; and lastly he had a little sense and very little twenty dollars.

A few days later came a more insidious bait. James wished to publish, on a co-operative basis, a



book of the short stories which had appeared in the *Editor*. James to publish the book, and each author to take ten copies at a dollar apiece, and all the profits to be divided on a certain just and equitable plan.

The bait took. My friend had never been in a book: he imagined it was an ecstatic sort of feeling like going to the circus; and he sent on his ten dollars.

In due time the book came; and he has been surreptitiously putting it into the kitchen stove ever since. There do not seem to be any profits to divide on the just and equitable plan; and after all James seems to have come out five dollars ahead.

The worst thing, however, is that in the last number of the *Editor* somebody with the same initials as this fellow writes:

"Your noble and fearless magazine gives me a distinct thrill of pleasure whenever I see its cover. I wish it a long life and great success."

Initials *are* annoying sometimes.

\* \* \*

For brutal irony it would be hard to surpass the giving last month, of pewter mugs to the winners in the athletic events at the University of Virginia. Considering the recent liquor law, this was a wanton wounding of sensibilities such as I have never seen surpassed. There could have been only one mockery more hollow: to crown the winners with wreaths of mint.

\* \* \*

Now that the National Geographic Society has, as they say in Colorado, excursed to Charlottesville, where it drank lemonade, made speeches, and drove

to the house of JEFFERSON M. Levy, Spiritual Descendent, I suppose we may consider that Monticello is at last definitely discovered.

\* \* \*

Thomas Nelson Page was among the geographers, by what right I do not know, since he looked very ungeographical to me; and I asked him to send something to the MAGPIE, something too good, perhaps, for other magazines. He was sorry, he said, but he had promised so often and lied so often. I answered, I'd rather have his lie, neatly written up, than other men's truth. He smiled amiably, tried to divert my thoughts by introducing me to the President of the geographers, told an anecdote which pointed in another direction, and finally said he wanted to go and see his old Greek professor. Of course men are differently constituted towards Greek professors; but I concluded from this that he was pretty hard put to escape.

\* \* \*

The *Bookman* told us to refrain from writing Anthony Hope's literary epitaph until we had seen Phroso in *McClure*. Two numbers have now come out and to me it seems that his work still shows the evil results of prosperous syndication. His characters act more than ever in the cheerfully quixotic way that people on the stage act who know that the guns are loaded with blank cartridges and that the rich parent will relent before the curtain goes down. The hero still sedulously preserves the villain, knowing that the villain is as necessary to the symmetry of things as himself. (A hero without a villain cuts but a sorry figure.) He still continues to run the most absurd risks to oblige some chance met lady, with full faith

in Mr. Hope's ability to rescue him in the nick of time.

Of course Phroso has a fascinating situation and promises charming dialogue. Without these two we should be without Hope. But I wish when he has become gorged with the fruits of syndicating. Mr. Hope would write something, more along the lines of his Half a Hero, or even his Man of Mark.

\* \* \*

Cannibal Repartee:—

"What became of that fat missionary I saw walking this way, an hour ago," suspiciously asked one anti-vegetarian of another who sat quietly on the strand like one that had dined well.

"I wel—welcomed him," blushing answered he, "into—"

"Into your midst, I reckon," snorted the first, turning on his heel.

\* \* \*

There is a small paper called the *Agricultural Epitomist*, which, among other delectable features, has a page called the Chatter Corner, wherein are letters from rural ladies beginning "Dear Chatterers," or "Dear Chatter Sisters," and generally signed Phalla, or Asie, or Jinkie, or some other pet name. These give all the news from West Cedarville, and other interesting places, and advise other Chatterers to try firmness with the children, or to try a new receipt for cookies. There is almost as much advice in the Chatter Corner as in Ruth Ashmore's department in the Ladies Home Journal; so my heart was completely won by the noble self-restraint in the climax of the following paragraph:

"In advising a farmer's wife or daughter to earn

money, most people will say 'hens,' 'garden truck,' or 'bees.' Now, if you live on a farm, you know that hens and garden truck don't thrive to a very great extent on the same farm. And if they did, the family and hired help would play hobb with the profits of either, for the first will uniformly go to pay the grocer and the second to fill the inner man. But I believe bees can be profitably kept if you know how and are not afraid of them. Now, I don't know how, and am afraid of them, so will leave that to some abler pen to explain."

\* \* \*

**L**OST, Strayed, or Stolen—Two good football players. Last seen coming out of the office of the Chairman of the Faculty. Liberal reward, *and no questions asked*, for their return in good condition, before next October.

Manager Football Team, University of Virginia.

\* \* \*

**W**ANTED—A large amount of vim and energy *immediately*. Must be of the very best quality, and *warranted to wear*. Address,  
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JOHN SHELTON WHITE,  
WILSON LAWRENCE SMITH, } Bus. Mgrs.

Issued, for the delectation of mankind, on the first of each month, \$1 a year.

Advertising rates on application.

## THE OLD VIOLIN.

**I**T lies mute and still in its well-worn case,  
Till the Master touches the strings,  
And takes it into his warm embrace,  
When a wonderful tone from the old wood springs,  
And the heart is moved as by angels' wings,  
By the notes from the old violin.

But not from the dark-stained wood alone  
Come the chords that move the heart,  
For the Master brings forth that wonderful tone  
By the touch of his mystic art,  
And the soul is only stirred in part,  
By the notes of the old violin.

Now my heart lay, like that viol old,  
Covered deep with a selfish crust,  
Till my lady swept off the gathering mould  
As the Master would do the dust,  
And drew from my soul a deep, pure trust,  
Like the notes from the old violin.

C. M. BLACKFORD, JR.

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# THE MAGPIE.

JULY, 1896.

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Little Things.

Two New Books.

Volume 1, Number 2.



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KENNETH BROWN, Editor.



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# THE MAGPIE.

VOL. I.

JULY, 1896.

No. 2.

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## EXPLANATION.

THE PRINTER LAST TIME SPOILED ONE OF THE MAGPIE'S MOST CHERISHED JOKES. IT WAS TO HAVE BEEN "*Vol. I, No. 1, of THE ONLY SUCCESSFUL MAGAZINE IN THE SOUTH,*" ABOUT WHICH THERE LINGERED A DELICATE IRONY WHICH COULD NOT FAIL TO PLEASE. WHEN THE MAGPIE SAW THE BRAZEN ASSERTION WHICH THE PRINTER PRODUCED, BY THE OMISSION OF THE WORDS IN ITALICS, IT COULD HAVE WEPT TEARS OF RAGE AND MORTIFICATION, HAD IT NOT BEEN SO INNOCENTLY HAPPY IN BEING AT LAST HATCHED.—THIS NOTICE IS CALLED FORTH BY THE MANY PEOPLE WHO HAVE CONSIDERED IT THEIR DUTY AND THEIR PRIVILEGE TO MAKE REMARKS.

---

## THE ARGONAUTS.

**W**HEN we went seeking the Golden Fleece,  
(It's a merry journey the world around),  
We had a lilt and a dream apiece,  
Gray care had puckered never a crease  
On thoughtless temples with ivy crowned;  
We bade the pipes and the tabors sound,  
The jesters sing and the minstrels play,  
All doubt and dolor in mirth were drowned,  
As we set sail for the far away.

When we went seeking the Golden Fleece,  
(It's a mighty journey the world around),

We deemed the summer would never cease,  
We laughed at quiet, and home, and peace,  
And simple husbandry housed and browned ;  
We praised bold loveliness' satin-gowned,  
We called to the light-foot Love to stay ;  
Small matter if fortune smiled or frowned  
As we set sail for the far away.

When we went seeking the Golden Fleece,  
(It's a lengthy journey the world around),  
We counted exile a glad release  
And saw the Beautiful Isles increase  
To dim shores far on the eastern bound.  
We scorned the thought of penny and pound ;  
Our prow was set for a distant bay ;  
We cried : Tomorrow we come renowned !  
As we set sail for the far away.

As we went seeking the Golden Fleece,  
(It's a weary journey the world around),  
The old men prated of land and lease,  
And, chuckling, mocked us as Imber geese  
In silly fellowship outward bound ;  
And one said : Ho, for a merry life !  
I also ventured one rosy day.  
A jaded heart and a scolding wife  
Were all I brought from the far away.

JOHN HANDY HALL.

## THE MURDER WHICH NEVER CAME OFF.

**T**HE virtue in strong drink. The gray-moustachioed, broad-hatted six-footer, the exponent of the above truth, has gone I know not where, but his vindication of this seeming paradox I shall not soon forget.

The last I saw of him was in a little Georgia town almost on the Florida line. We met by chance on the rough sidewalk before the flaming windows of the Palace Bar. I saw his little mule tied to the rack across the road. He had one hand on the knob and with the other was brushing the heavy moustache from his lips, that no obstruction might offer to the passage of his favorite Cotton Bale whiskey, when I accosted him. He snorted with surprise, and it was some moments before the impediment in his speech allowed him to talk.

Two or three drinks thinned his tongue. He had gone back to cotton planting. His deafness prevented easy dialogue, and I was well content to hear him damn Lowndes county and five cent cotton in his soulful way. I made several attempts to pay for the drinks during the sitting, but the notion was so distasteful to him and so nearly approached an insult that I gave it up. By the exercise of some sleight-of-hand and the skilful use of a spittoon, I diverted my liquor from its intended channel, otherwise I should have been gloriously drunk at the end of an hour. Hunton's eyes grew glassier, the coloring of his imagination more vivid, his diction more picturesque; but he mounted his mule with as much grace as ever when we separated.

There had been some gaps in the story of "The

Murder Which Never Came Off" that I had not been able to fill up. Hunton filled them. It was a curious affair, and happened in Florida-after-the-freeze.

Shall those of us who were there ever forget Florida-after-the freeze? One bright spot was the unconscious wit of the Italian fruit vender in Jacksonville: "Yes, my bananas is tamn poor, but I tank Got I got no oranch grofe." For the rest it was all gloom: the golden fruit rotting on the ground; the trees dead to their roots; banks failing; no money; no securities; no credit; little food. A single night had brought orange groves from a thousand or so dollars an acre down to the value of poor pine land. Litigation was abundant but not profitable. It was like trying to draw water from an icy well.

Hunton had been engaged in the business of hauling oranges. After the freeze he sent most of his stock across country to Northern Alabama. Some died on the road, and one was lost crossing the Sewanee river in a violent snow storm. S'wanee river and snow storms!

The cold weather gave place to unusual heat. After sundown of one of the hottest of these days I strolled down to the drug store, one of the usual lounging places. These havens of rest and gossip were getting fewer daily; the sheriff presided over a goodly number already. The owner of this store, who was also a doctor, and made up for his deficiencies in the knowledge of medicine by superior horse-sense and acquaintance with the properties of quinine and whisky, sat on a chair. The mayor occupied a Hood's Sarsaparilla box, and counters furnished seats for the others. The doctor's eyes twinkled as he saw me.

"Hulloa, Boone," said he, "we've all been ad-

vising Colonel Shelby. We hate to see a man downed every time."

"Yes," piped in the wrinkled little mayor, in his high tenor, "we're going to start a law school for Shelby. You and Hogg are going to be instructors."

"Lord, no," said the doctor; give Hogg a title: President of the Lakeville Law School; and Shelby, Lecturer on Assignments. How's that, Colonel?"

Hogg's grocery store had been attached and closed up a few days before by Shelby. An inventory of the stock had shown us that we could exempt it all under the law. Not quite a thousand dollars' worth of goods, and three months' indebtedness against him of four thousand dollars. Talk of rottenness in Denmark! Still, I was his lawyer, not his conscience.

Shelby was a Missourian and he had been drinking. His little red eyes wandered back and forth among the crowd in angry embarrassment. His clothes were characteristic of Florida ease: a straw hat, a Prince Albert coat, and linen trousers. He was puffing a cob pipe with energy. "My God," he said, with a rough laugh, "I'll make Hogg sweat before I get through. I'll break his back."

"Just in time," said the doctor, as a tall figure loomed up in the doorway. "Come in, Hogg, and get your cap and gown."

The lengthy groceryman lounged in.

"Oh, Hogg," I said, "come into the office with me. I want you to sign some papers."

"Let me talk to this little shyster first. What are you going to do, Shelby?" he asked, sneeringly.

"What am I going to do, you low-bred po' white!" Shelby's eyes were blazing. "I'll show you before

many days." His hands worked convulsively. He was about half Hogg's size.

"You will, will you, you red-faced little drunkard?" screamed Hogg, starting towards him.

Some one shouted, "Drop that knife!"

I saw Shelby's hand working behind him. There was a rush to cover; four men got under the counter with me.

For some reason Shelby could not use his revolver, and evading Hogg's knife by dodging around the stove, he ran for the door. The groceryman's boot caught in a projecting foot of the stove, and down he came, upsetting it and scattering the stovepipe.

Several of the braver ones quickly sat on Hogg, and the doctor took away the knife, cursing considerably. "Damn it all, rioting in my store!" he shouted, angrily. "Get off of him!" to the man astride of the belligerent. Now, Hogg, get out; I hope the little devil will kill you."

They dusted Hogg off and he went with me like a lamb. He was at heart a coward, and if Shelby had stood his ground, would have assailed him with nothing more dangerous than curses.

"Well, Hogg," I said, "I reckon you've done it now. That fellow will kill you if he gets a chance."

He murmured something about not being afraid of that little cuss.

"That little cuss," put in the mayor, "can shoot as straight as any man in Florida; yes, drunk or sober. This thing ain't over; I tell you, I know the fellow's breed. You keep away, or I'll put you both under bonds."

I left them and went to my office. It was a glorious night, with the gentlest sort of a cool breeze blowing.

I lit my lamp, pushed up the window and sat down to ruminate. From five-cent cigars I had come down to cheroots; there was still a lower depth—cigarettes. Some realization of this made me melancholy, for I was thinking of the utterly blank wall the future reared before me, here in a hopeless little town among the swamps. The door opened and a little negro boy came in.

"Mr. Hunton wants you down to the stables," he announced.

"Any hurry?"

"I reckon there be, suh. Judge Shelby's just rarin'."

"Confound both of them," I thought, "I suppose between 'em they'll have murder before morning."

With many apprehensions I walked down to the stable. Hunton must have heard my step, for he poked his sharp face, with its drooping gray moustache, out of the office door. He then came out and closed it.

"What's all this foolishness?" I said. "What's the use of stirring him up any more?"

Hunton jerked his head backward with impatience, cleared his throat and laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Not so loud. Stir him up? Good God A'mighty!" he said, with a low, expressive whistle. "Stir him up! Oh, Lord!" Then I heard Shelby's high voice begin some epithet with a string of oaths and end with a yell.

"Come on," said Hunton, "If we don't keep this man occupied there will be murder before morning."

We went in. It was a dirty stable office, with the usual furniture of dirty, broken-backed chairs, a table, horse whips, harnesses, saddles and robes. Shelby was pacing up and down the floor, between



drinks, with a big knife in one hand and a revolver in the other. He was fashioning a new epithet, extempore, interluding his adjectives with yells. The pine table was littered with whiskey flasks, some empty, and a few old-fashioned goblets with broken standards. Two burly negroes lay in a corner. Hunton was ready to use force should persuasion not avail. Shelby greeted me with drunken gravity. We were very friendly in a general way, and he seemed to forget my professional connection with the affair. No one could have known from Hunton's manner but that he was enjoying a pleasant, convivial party with friends. All the time he watched the little lawyer like a cat. They drank "death to Hogg in his sty" every few moments. Hunton, who had been with Stuart in Virginia, struck up his only song, in a cracked voice, "Jine the Cavalry." Several times the Missourian pulled his knife and revolver out and started up, and it seemed as if only force could bring him back. So an hour wore on. At length Shelby poured out a large drink and tossed it down. He had been quiet for some time. I felt that the time had come, and I didn't like the looks of the revolver he had in his hand. Sometimes the wrong man is the billet.

Hunton seized him by the arm. "Oh! wait awhile, Colonel, sit down."

The lawyer was half-crazed with drink, and he swung his pistol into the big man's face.

"Let go," he exclaimed, shrilly.

Hunton dropped his hand carelessly. "All right, Judge, you're leaving a gallon of good Belle of Bourbon here." For a moment the little fellow hesitated, and then bolted out. Hunton followed him.

Soon they came back. "Here, you lazy devils,"

sang out old Hunton, "saddle Bill and we'll meet this cur like a gentleman and ride him down. Egad, Shelby, we'll cowhide him first and kill him afterwards like a nigger."

"Hurrah!" echoed the lawyer, with another extemporaneous outburst of opprobrious adjectives. The saddling took an unreasonably long time. Shelby cursed the negroes in the lantern-light of the stable, impatient of delay, until in his evolutions with a carriage-whip he caught the old mare on the flanks and narrowly escaped her hoof.

When they issued forth the Missourian was perched high up on the tall white pacer, Bill, his little legs not coming down to the horse's shoulder, reins in one hand, revolver in the other, and knife in his teeth. At the door there was a long dispute as to the direction toward the main street. They finally started in exactly the opposite direction, going at a gallop. Hunton had contrived to cut the pacer with a heavy whip after a few steps. The hoof-beats were soon lost to the ear in the deep sand of the road, and I went home.

At some time early in the morning two very jaded horses came up Main street. They stopped in front of Hogg's store. The little man on the big white horse passed his reins to his companion and prepared to dismount. He miscalculated the distance to the ground and came down on all fours. Picking himself up after many efforts, he zigzagged to the door and shook it and kicked the panels.

"Come out, Hogg," he shouted, "come out, — you," the combination of adjectives had been well learned by this time. "Come out," sang his companion, wearily, lounging in the saddle. There was a long demonstration before the door, but no one

appeared. "We're barking up the wrong tree, Shelby," finally announced Hunton. "Come on, we'll find his hole and smoke him out."

Maintaining a vertical position with the aid of the door handle, the lawyer kicked the panels out of the door and fired three times into the air. He advanced to the sidewalk and steadied himself against the awning standard. With the disengaged hand he gestured with Chesterfieldian grace.

"Colonel Hunton, you're a gentleman. I am a gentleman. Because I alluded to that Hogg as a po' white, which he undoubtedly is, he assaulted me. Being unarmed, I was fo'ced to leave his presence to procure a revolver. The cowardly hound is somewhere in hiding, but gentlemen cannot waste mo' time hunting a low cur. When we meet him we will shoot him on sight."

"The orator reached his horse with but one serious misadventure. Taking the reins from his companion's hand, he essayed to throw them over Bill's tall head. He forgot the knife in his left hand. The point caught the big pacer full in the nose, and he jumped backward and wheeled around violently. Shelby clung to the reins until he felt himself moving through illimitable space, and then let go. A stout cedar post stood in the line of the tangential movement.

It took two doctors to patch the fragments of his collar-bone into one piece again. Hogg was very much elated over the outcome, but as one man horse-whipped him within the week and another stood ready to at first sight, he had some bad quarter-hours.

As Shelby said, "There is always some compensation. I'll turn over and try to dream I'm doing it."

HENRY BURNHAM BOONE.

## A ROYSTERER'S ROUNDELAY.

**C**OME, my lads, fill your glasses all  
And drink to Jollity,  
To the death of Care, to her goddess fair,  
Our queen, Frivolity.  
Oh, heed not the parson's whining cant  
Of burning in flames eternal,  
But drink to their Hell and their Devil as well,  
And his draughts in his cellars infernal.

Drink! Drink! Drink!  
That our moods may merrily chime;  
For life is a jest, and he fattens best  
Who laughs at the joke all the time.

Let no trite thought of love's lost dream  
From merriment deter,  
For to you and to me 'tis a fallacy,  
Since each one trusted *Her*.  
But drink to the craft of the maiden mild,  
And to all false womankind;  
To the broken heart, and the loves that part  
With the chill of a changing wind.

Drink! Drink! Drink!  
From morning till morning again;  
Let there be no slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,  
But drink away sorrow and pain!

Forget not the murderer's bonny deed,  
Nor the murder'd's ghastly face, [white,  
Nor the thief in the night, nor the dove-maid  
Who came to a Juan's embrace.

And drink we to him who's drunk with love,  
And him who's drunk with lust,  
And pledge we the shame of the vilest fame  
That survives the ages' rust.

Yea, drink to them all, for the world is drunk,  
Each man on his fated wine—  
One drunk with grief, one with belief  
In heavenly circles he'll shine.  
Then, drink ! drink ! drink !  
That the moments may merrily pass,  
For the true wise man drinks deep from his can,  
And scorns the poor sober ass.

J. LEWIS ORRICK.

---

### THE OTHER KIND OF NOTHING.

**A**T the Harvard Club I met a man whom I remembered mostly for having fouled Barron, '91, in the B. A. A. indoor quarter-mile handicap in '90, and for being cussed out afterwards. We greeted each other with a warmth unknown among college mates before graduation, and I further recalled that he had won the rope-climbing contest one winter. His name was beyond me.

He was at one of the desks writing a philosophical lecture to deliver in Harlem, and, after he had told me this, he began to explain the various kinds of nothing: zero, which is nothing; the difference between a horse and an ox, which is nothing; the vase broken, which is nothing—philosophy takes no account of the pieces—and more kinds which have escaped my bewildered head.

He said that unless he changed his mind in the

interim he should become a minister in eight years ; an Episcopal minister, not from conviction but because that sect offered certain advantages. He was going to *preach* theosophy.

I said that I disliked ministers, meaning the kind he would make.

He paid no attention to my interruption ; had consulted his rector, he said, who told him to go ahead, get his working philosophy, and then knock it out of the Bible some way. Reverting to his lecture : it was all mapped out, but the text. He must have the text before he could write it, because he had to show how it all grew out of the text.

The conversation was not so one-sided as I have indicated it. I told him I was going to raise horses, to become a farmer. Also was spiritually more interested in this world than in the next. Thought the next could take much better care of itself than I could of this.

"Yes, Buddha's teachings amounted to that for his followers," he assented. "Of course, he had his esoteric philosophy besides."

He showed me a paper, his morning's work, beginning in four aphorisms, and ending, as nearly as I could see, in the Universe. The paper, as a whole, I felt unequal to appreciate ; I criticised a figure. This diverted him from the Universe for a time, and we left the club together. Our ways were the same, and as we walked along he explained to me his conviction that if a man lived a perfect life on all three planes, mental, moral and physical, he could do without nourishment other than air and water—"and for a consideration," he concluded, "I'd prove it."

"A consideration ?" I queried.

"Yes, money. I'd live two months on air and water for fifty dollars."

"But if you did it for money would you be living the perfect life?" I asked. "Besides, two months doesn't prove anything; Tanner could do that without any planes at all."

He laughed, "You're right. I know a Hindoo, though, who never eats more than a handful of rice at infrequent intervals, and he does an immense amount of work. Once he chased a crowd of men all over town single-handed."

"And why?"

"Because they jeered at his lecture. But he brought them back and made them listen to him."

I might have asked why he took any rice at all, but I suppose it was to allow him to descend from his planes now and then and chase jeerers.

Our talk drifted to politics and the then recent upheaval in New York. He did not care for politics. "It's practical Buddhism," said I. He admitted the point. "I have never gone into it myself," I continued, "but I intend to. It ought to be the greatest occupation, and I'm only sorry it doesn't come natural to me."

"You'd better stick to horses," said he. "By your face I think you'll make a better horse-trader than practical Buddhist."

We came to his house. He shook hands with me and hoped he'd meet me at the club the next time I came to New York. This was a shock to my soul, just from Virginia; for it was time to eat and he did not ask me to dinner—which was still another kind of nothing.

KENNETH BROWN.

## THE MAGIC MIRROR.

**S**AYS a quaint, mediæval fable that a magic mirror  
hung

Where a knight in gleaming armor to its tell-tale  
surface sung,

An his love were pure and holy, in its crystal depths  
appeared

The fair image of the lady whom the singer most  
revered ;

But, alas, the mirror tarnished at the slightest thought  
of shame,

And the knight was then dishonored, and forever hid  
his name.

Now the knight and gleaming armour, and the mir-  
ror, all have fled,

And the legend merely lingers as a relic of the dead ;

But I have a magic mirror in my lady's beauteous  
eye,

Where the lightest thought is pictured, whether  
laughter or a sigh.

In its depths my fate lies hidden, either happiness or  
woe :

Shall I dare to try my fortune? Say, oh sybil, yes  
or no ?

CHARLES MINOR BLACKFORD, JR.



## A SALABLE MANUSCRIPT.

**B**ARTLETT, editor of the *Crawford Daily Clarion* laboriously copied a MS. on his typewriter; folded it, and tied it up with narrow yellow ribbon. He was well satisfied with his work, and with life in general, which does not always happen to an author making a final copy. He looked across Peacock Square towards the office of his rival, the *Star*, and felt no envy at the *Star's* larger circulation. It's management that makes a paper pay," he murmured to himself, with a half smile, thinking of his own house and the much smaller house of the editor of the *Star*.

Then his eyes rested on some workmen building a fountain in the middle of the square, and he smiled as at a joke he would like to tell some one and couldn't. The fountain was a handsome one, recently given to Crawford—or donated, as the *Clarion* said—by Colonel Tilcombe, one of her leading citizens.

Bartlett wished the town could change the name of the square. Peacock may have been a man worth honoring in the early days of Crawford, when his farm was about half the town; but who was Peacock now? He had long ago parted with all his land to shrewder men, and at present drove one of the city dump-carts. It was preposterous to keep his name to the central square of a metropolis almost as large as Norfolk and on the way to Richmondness, when one could change to Lee Jackson, or Beauregarde Square, or even, as the Crawford Women's Club suggested, to Winnie Davis Square.

Bartlett put on his linen duster and drove home for luncheon. His mind was still filled with his MS., and

he felt a momentary regret that it was destined for other uses than publication. It had a very taking plot: the literary aspirations which Bartlett early in his career had transmuted to pecuniary ones, almost came back to him.

An hour later, when he was returning to his office, he saw a man coming out of a drug store, mopping his face and wiping his moustache.

"Been having a soda, Colonel?" Bartlett called out, cordially. "Jump in and take a drive with me."

"No thank you, Bartlett; I'm due at my office ten minutes ago."

"I guess you'd better come with me," insisted Bartlett. "I've got some business I want to talk over with you."

Colonel Tilcombe didn't like Bartlett; but business is business, if you don't like a man.

They drove down to the river and across the bridge at an uncomfortably fast gait for the horse, who swished his tail about in a protesting way. Bartlett talked politics and the probability that Crawford would have twenty thousand inhabitants by the next census. When they were a little way out in the country he slowed his horse down to a walk, and said:

"I've got a document here that I thought would interest you more than anyone else; so I gave you first whack at it." He took his neatly folded manuscript from his pocket. "That ribbon came around the legs of a turkey sent me by an admiring subscriber this morning," Bartlett apologized; "Working for a free ad., I reckon." He watched the Colonel nervously as he unfolded the paper.

For fifteen minutes neither man spoke. Colonel

Tilcombe read the editor's story intently. Bartlett flicked the flies off his horse's back, and wondered how the Colonel would take it. His left arm became uncomfortably warm where the sun shone on it; so he turned down the first road. The horse walked slowly along, now and then making futile kicks with one of his hind feet at a persistent fly on his belly. The Colonel noticed nothing outside of the story he was reading. He held the manuscript in his left hand and held his right behind him.

At last Bartlett was roused by a slight noise, and looking around saw the muzzle of a revolver pointed at him. He started ever so little, but did not move: his worst enemy could not say he had no nerve.

He smiled pleasantly: "Were you thinking that dead men tell no tales?" he asked.

Colonel Tilcombe did not answer, but that was evidently what he thought.

"That theory is exploded, these days," continued Bartlett, a trifle quickly. "Dead men often tell many more tales than live ones—and there's another copy in my desk: I told the foreman to get it at half past three and set it up, if he heard nothing to the contrary from me."

Colonel Tilcombe looked at him a minute and then slowly let his hand fall down at his side, Bartlett pulled out his watch with a thankful sigh for the lie that had been vouchsafed him, and continued more cheerfully:

"It's ten minutes past two now. Some men would have thanked me for trying to break it gently to them." He stopped and aimed a blow with his whip at a feather that lay in the road. "You're a well-to-do man, Colonel, or you couldn't afford to give that

fountain in Peacock Square—What do you say to ten thousand?"

Half an hour later the foreman of the *Clarion* came to Bartlett for more copy. Bartlett picked up his pencil and began to write: "Our esteemed fellow citizens, Colonel Tilcombe, whose palatial residence on Washington Street is one of the most imposing sights in our thriving young metropolis, has shown by his gift of a fountain in Peacock Square that his wealth was not selfishly gained for his private enjoyment and glorification, but that he was willing, nay anxious, to share it with——"

Editor Bartlett stopped and leaned back in his chair.

"I must send him a marked copy of this," he said to himself, "although he isn't a subscriber." Bartlett rubbed his hands in a satisfied way: ten thousand dollars was a pretty good price for a newspaper story—the most he had ever got for one of his.

He looked around the bare office and grinned:

"They say the *Clarion* isn't a good paper," he said, "but it pays." M. M. MANN.

---

### LITTLE THINGS.

"WHERE is your magazine?" she asked.

"In my pocket," I answered. (This was the day THE MAGPIE hatched.)

"Let me see it," she said.

I gave it to her, hoping—we were in a room full of people—that she would not make too eulogistic remarks on it.

She looked it over. Presently she giggled.

Sympathetically I chuckled: I knew I'd been funny.

Oh! I'm not laughing at any of *your* jokes," she said.

I saw that she was reading an advertisement, and stopped chuckling. Soberly I watched her turn over the leaves. Then she laid it down.

"It's *quite* a nice cover," she said.

\* \* \*

THE MAGPIE, of course, isn't the most modest of birds, but the *Cavalier*, of Norfolk—the *Cavalier*—well I can only quote:—

"Another thing we can promise our readers is that the poems which appear in the *Cavalier* will be the sweetest, strongest, most delicate and delicious, in fact the best, that can be gotten."

You observe that THE MAGPIE has taken in its humble sign of being the only successful magazine in the South. We really couldn't keep it out after seeing the *Cavalier*.

\* \* \*

Nathan Haskell Dole writes in *Book News*:

"Recently a western bookdealer advertised for something by DeCameron. Can any reader of *Book News* tell who this DeCameron was? Should it not have been D. Cameron?"

Is it possible that our western friend could have been advertising for Boccaccio's Decameron?

\* \* \*

We felt badly over our errata last time, and tried to get the printer to put mourning rules around the notice; but we feel better since the June *Book News* apologized for its error, "easily comprehensible to proof-readers," in printing "allegoric fiction" in-

stead of "adequate pictures." That is rather worse than disguising Nelly Bly.

The *Norfolk Landmark*, by the way, comments on the MAGPIE'S mentioning only two errata last time, and reproaches it for ignoring the rest, of which it gives a long list.

Other people have suggested the same thing, in a general sort of way, and the MAGPIE has had a pathetic droop to its tail feathers, the last few days, in consequence; but when it saw the *Landmark's* catagorical list it chirped up!—No self-respecting bird can spend *all* its time apologizing.

\* \* \*

My paragraph last month about the apparently tactless giving of pewter mugs as athletic prizes—mugs which the recent liquor law renders so innocuous—has brought me an anonymous communication which sheds a new light on the subject. My correspondent takes the ground that prohibition does not prohibit, but that what we should strive for is a wise temperance. He further holds that these pewter mugs, constructed as they are with glass bottoms, are powerful agencies in the wise temperance movement, since every man using one can plainly see when he has had enough—an accomplishment, my correspondent intimates, not always possible with the old style mug.

\* \* \*

A big negro girl came shuffling up the street in shoes that would have dropped from her feet had she walked with a prouder gait. Behind her followed a small negro girl, silent, with bare feet. A penny fell out of the hand of the big girl and jingled on

the bricks of the sidewalk, then lost itself in the grass that grew where they were missing.

She stopped, and another cent jingled on the bricks.

The barefooted one curled her legs under her, as if they had been india rubber, and settled to the search. I looked at her. envying the barbarism which, untrammelled by its apparel, could sit where it would.

One cent was found. The other defied even the barbaric acuteness of the searchers.

The big girl became impatient: "Let't 'lone; you can get another one some time."

"That wa'n't my penny," answered the little one, still barbarically intent on the lost cent.

"I was goin' to give't t'you," said the big one, generously; and they passed out of my life.

\* \* \*

Sir Walter Raleigh put—

Although he was not broke—

For love of good Queen Bess

His bestest cloak in soak.

\* \* \*

I have been asked what sort of MSS. I wished for the MAGPIE. It is hard to define just what makes matter available for us; in a general way, I should say that work by the widows or daughters of Confederate Generals would be acceptable, or even by nieces—nephews, for some unexplained cause, do not have the same literary attractiveness. Next come the wives of our professors, then the professors themselves, private secretaries to somebodies, old ladies whom Washington or Lafayette kissed, and lastly cooks of eminent men. It is but fair to say that old ladies whom Washington and Lafayette kissed would

come higher up on the list had Washington and Lafayette not thoughtlessly kissed so very many old ladies—or rather little girls as they then were. I am afraid the future historian will hold that it will take more than one cherry tree episode to wipe this blot from the fair fame of the father of his country.

---

## TWO NEW BOOKS.

### THE PUPPET BOOTH.\*

*"And then 'mome raths?'" said Alice,  
"I'm afraid I'm giving you a great deal  
of trouble."*

*"Well, a 'rath' is a sort of green pig,"  
said Humpty Dumpty, "but 'mome' I'm not  
certain about."*

**T**HE Puppet Booth, by Henry B. Fuller, reminds me of Olive Schreiner's "Dreams." Miss Schreiner wrote a fine book, and Mr. Fuller has written several not quite so fine. Then Miss Schreiner published Dreams, and now I am sorry to say Mr. Fuller has published The Puppet Booth. Here the resemblance ceases, though neither book would probably have been published—except at the author's expense—but for the books which preceded them. The sketches in each, I imagine, are pets of their authors; but you know how pets of all kinds sometimes strike other folk.

The Puppet Booth is a set of little plays on the bizarre Maeterlinck plan, but without the rather mysterious Maeterlinck force and weirdness. The *dramatis personæ* are qualities personified, or types or ages, or temperaments. For instance, the persons in the first play, the Cure of Souls, are: The Saint, The Sinner, The Hermit, The Ignoramus, and The

---

\*The Puppet-Booth. Twelve Plays by Henry B. Fuller. New York: The Century Co. \$1.25. Sent postpaid on receipt of price.



Woman Worldly Wise. In the Dead-and-Alive there are the New Little Nun, An Aged Nun, A Nun of Forty, A Young Nun, An Elderly Nun, The Melancholy Nun, The Abbess, and The Lover. One gets confused sometimes.

The *Bookman* sees subtle satire, and depth and all sorts of good qualities in the Puppet Booth, but for myself I must confess it rather bores me.

#### WEIR OF HERMISTON.\*

*There is a writer called Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, who makes most delicate inlay-work in black and white, and who files out to the fraction of a hair.*

After one has read *Weir of Hermiston*, one almost wishes that one belonged to a certain class of people, in order that one might write, *so true*, opposite the forequoted passage of Kipling. And one regrets as one never has before that Stevenson died with his best book only partly written.

It is a wonderful book, this *Weir of Hermiston*, a book which one hardly dares to criticise in a short page or two; a book to appreciate which one must read twice: the story is so absorbing that, at the first reading, one does not notice the style, the "delicate inlay work in black and white." The story itself is hardly more than begun, and yet it is so well begun that when one lays down the book after having read the editorial note at the end, the whole story lies before one in imagination.

*Weir of Hermiston* is a book which those who mark favorite passages in books could not read without a pencil in the hand. Some of his delicate inlay work needs its surroundings to reveal its beauty: but the following I think would show well anywhere:

"Perhaps he belonged to that class of men who think a weak head the ornament of women. An opinion invariably punished in this life."

---

\**Weir of Hermiston*, by Robert Louis Stevenson. Price, \$1.50. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.

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is bright and original, and the following subjects are within its scope:

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# THE MAGPIE.

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AUGUST, 1896.

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## THE CATARACT.

ON Regan and on Goneril,  
The rugged rocks below,  
He pours as from the mouth of hell  
The torrent of his woe;  
While o'er him, with protecting hands,  
Cordelia, the rainbow, stands.

JOHN B. TABB.

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## THE DECLINE OF BUNBURY.

AS I entered and took out my notebook, a man, sitting on the end chair of a row, beckoned to me. He moved along to give the representative of the press a seat, compelling all the others to follow his example, except the man at the other end, who had to stand up. The Third District Republicans were meeting over a saloon at the corner of Grand and Forsyth Streets, in a room black with tobacco smoke, but fiery with Protection eloquence. Besides the Honorable Mr. Bunbury, there was a chairman—whose name I forget, but who had a sense of humor and who sympathized with me—and a minor speaker, named Shem, gracefully introduced as another in our midst.

Shem was fat and ugly, a natural enthusiast, and untutored. He had a high opinion of the Republican party. "All the minds and all the intellects," he said, "are inculcated in the Republican party." He considered those editors who favored Free Trade to

hold "erroneous" ideas. He severely denounced the New York Democratic policemen, whom he had seen going into voting booths with voters, "when the law prescribes that you've got to keep within fifty feet away from them."

Altogether Mr. Shem seemed to me just the man to suit the New York *World*, whose Sunday editor said recently, in engaging me to write an article "We don't care for any literary polish—grammatical mistakes we correct in the office." That however, is neither here nor there.

The Honorable Mr. Bunbury listened to Shem with an indulgent smile, and affably led the applause. Then he arose and gave us a speech as far beyond Shem as Martin Tupper is above Bill Nye. It was polysyllabic and florid with approval of the Republican Party, of Protection, and of those Decent and Honorable Democrats who had voted the Republican ticket in the recent election. He referred feelingly to Labor, to the McKinley Bill, to his Own Nineteen Battles in the War, and to the unemployed workingman's Famished Stomach, clamoring. He appealed to the American Eagle, and to the Intelligence of his audience. Here I caught the chairman's eye and knew we were friends, though he was a politician and a humbug.

The intelligent audience listened with rapt attention, except a few who went to sleep. The chairman indicated when the applause should come, and it came. One drunken man tried to act independently, crying, "Good boy!" alike at Harrison, Shakspeare, Martyred Lincoln, and at the Evil One (mentioned in connection with the Democratic party). They put him out as too indiscriminating.

The Honorable Mr. Bunbury pursued the Democratic party with the same frenzy with which Professor Kittredge pursues an erring commentator. He spoke hopefully, though there had just been a Democratic landslide: the American people was too great and too good to allow such miscreants to stay long in power. His peroration was particularly fine: periods five minutes apart, and commas solely for breath. He sat down amid thunderous applause, which woke up all those asleep.

A man with a baby proposed three cheers. They were given as only patriots can cheer, the proposer so oblivious of all but the cheering, that the baby's head waggled forgotten between his knees; but it balanced itself, even in sleep, as cleverly as if it had already spent a long life on the fence.

The second time I came across the Honorable Mr. Bunbury was two years later at his home in Harlem. There had been a pompous funeral, in some kind of an order, which I was sent to get. He was out when I called, and his wife did not know when he would be back. She was obliging, however, and called to "Annie" to bring down the evening *Sun*, which had a short account of the funeral. Annie came down in a pretty striped wrapper, Annie being pretty herself.

Annie had rather a subdued and disconsolate air, and now that I came to notice it, so did the whole house, as if the Honorable Mr. Bunbury was not the heroic figure in the bosom of his family that he was at the corner of Grand and Forsyth Streets.

Just as I was going away, Bunbury stumbled in, very drunk.

"Dear me!" said his wife.

Bunbury had changed considerably for the worse. I tried to talk to him, and might have got something out of him; but I couldn't keep it up before his wife and daughter, who tried to act as if nothing were the matter.

I wrote up the funeral from the afternoon papers, and next day found my article in my box, blue-pencilled, "Ought to have been more of this," which almost made me sorry that I had had compassion on the pretty, forlorn girl, standing half-way up the stairs in her striped wrapper.

After this I did not think or hear of Bunbury for a long time. Last fall I was sojourning from midnight till three, in the Central Police Station, in Baltimore, that the *News* might not lose a late suicide or fire for its Sunday edition. Everything had been quiet, except for six negroes, arrested at about half past twelve for gambling on Sunday, which struck me as rather rushing the season.

For the hundredth time I was regretting that the Police Department saw fit to discourage journalism by providing no chairs. Suddenly, on the steps outside, there was a racket that filled my heart with joy; the door flew open, and in burst a tramp grasped by a policeman. The policeman was strong, but the tramp was very lively on his pins, and the two went ricochetting around the room like A. B. Frost's cat.

"Oh, Brutus! Brutus!" admonished a sergeant, behind the railing.

The tramp stopped whizzing and gave a military salute. Then he yelled at his captor: "What yer doin'?"

The policeman was more out of breath than the tramp. He let go the tramp's arm and stood panting.

"Another of the city hall wall-flowers," said the lieutenant getting his pen; then to the tramp, sternly: "What's your your name?"

"Brutus Bunbury," said the sergeant.

"I wanzer know what—what—zis gen'leman—what'm I arrested fur, anyway?" asked the tramp.

"For breaking eggs," grimly answered the lieutenant.

"But I wasn' doin' nossin'—" his voice broke into falsetto; "I was jus' settin' zere, an' zis gen'leman—" he stopped, straightened up, and turned to his captor: "You—" the rest I will omit; it was one long drawn out epithet.

"You policemen have a chance to practice patience," I said to the sergeant.

"Yes, that's what we get paid for, to let any bum call us double-blanked sons of Irish setters."

"Bum?" repeated the tramp with the most outraged air.

"Yes, *bum!*" yelled the lieutenant; "that's what you are, and nothing else."

The tramp cowered under the harsh voice, and begged the lieutenant's pardon several times. He asked quite humbly what they were going to do with him.

"Send you to the Old Ladies' Home for three months, I reckon," answered the lieutenant. Then to the policeman: "Take him back and sort him in among the blackbirds."

That was last fall. This morning I was walking



up from the Cortland Street Ferry when the erstwhile Honorable spoke to me.

"Excuse me."

I stopped,

"Will you excuse me?" he asked again.

I said I would.

"I'm not a bum, but I'm so damn near—gimme a couple of cents, I've got three," showing them in his sweaty palm, "and I want a glass of beer."

M. M. MANN.

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TO STEPHEN CRANE.

**N**OTHING BUT SMALL CAPITALS  
WILL ACT AS THE VEHICLE  
OF YOUR THOUGHTS, STEPHEN CRANE,  
WHEN YOU WISH TO IMPLY  
THAT YOU ARE WRITING POETRY.

A THOUGHT HERE, AND A THOUGHT THERE,  
AMONG THE WORDS ;  
AND ALL AROUND,  
A WASTE OF MARGIN.

SOME PEOPLE LIKE YOUR WORDS,  
STEPHEN CRANE.  
I DO MYSELF WHEN I FEEL WEIRD.  
TO OTHERS, THEY ARE  
NOTHING BUT SMALL CAPITALS.

KENNETH BROWN.

## A GREEN CHARTREUSE.

MANSON had never liked the coffee-and-cognac table d'hôte of Marliave's, with its small tables huddled together, and its vin-ordinaire-drinking habitués. He did not like it tonight, but Nanine did, so that was why he was there. She was very much spoiled. Everyone said so, and then went on to spoil her still more. Just now Jack Manson was wasting his time in the pleasant, but dangerous occupation.

"What next?" said Manson, as Amiel brought the black coffee, with the inevitable crackers and cheese.

"I don't care," replied Nanine, indolently; "anything you please, but green chartreuse."

"H'm!" said Manson, surprised. "What's up? Don't you like it?"

"Oh, yes," answered Nanine. "I like it, of course." And then, with a certain stress of intonation: "I like it too well to drink it—"

"With me!" Manson finished the sentence deliberately. "Is that it, Nanine?"

Nanine never blushed nor dropped her eyes under any consideration. So now, she looked straight into Manson's eyes, which were fixed upon hers in calculating scrutiny.

"Yes," she replied unwaveringly. "You're right, Jack. That's it!"

"H'm," said Manson, again. This time he laughed lightly. "This is interesting. How long since?"

Nanine's eyes had wandered from his face. "How long since, did you say?" She questioned, lazily, "Oh, don't be alarmed. It's only a memory of mine.

They will come up, sometimes, you know. But they pass quickly!"

Manson, lighted his cigarette.

"Nanine," he exclaimed suddenly, "You don't mean you've ever—but no—that's absurd." He threw back his head and laughed.

The girl joined in the laugh, as she watched the cognac in the coffee burning with its thin blue flame. "Yes, 'tis absurd, isn't it?" she assented. But it's true!"

"Nanine in love?" repeated Manson, half to himself. "I wouldn't have believed it.—Nanine, how long did it last? I'm curious."

"Too curious, Monsieur!" said Nanine, her eyes flashing a little. "What difference does it make, now? Now—is you!" leaning her elbows on the table, and looking at him through half-closed eyes, over her cordial glass. Her tone and manner were filled with a delicious challenge.

Manson breathed a little faster than usual. "Are you sure, Nanine?" he urged with a change of tone.

"Don't be silly, Jack!" said Nanine, becoming silent. Suddenly she set down her glass and touched Manson again on the sleeve.

"Jack," she said, a little unsteadily, "as long as this—memory—has come up, I want to tell you a little about it. I shall never want to speak of it again, perhaps." She pressed her lips tightly together. "Jack, did you ever think enough about such women—about me, to know why I'm here with you tonight?" Manson was silent. "Well, it's because of a memory like this. It's because I have been what you call in love, and have given myself in exchange for what I thought was love, *love*, I say,"—her hand

tightened on his arm. "Do you understand, Jack? Do you know what it is to live only to love and be loved, to give more and more, until all is given, to wish there were more to give, and then to find out that—oh, what am I saying to you, you poor boy?" And Nanine broke off suddenly and buried her face in her hands. When she raised it again, "Don't look as if you were at a stupid twelve course dinner, Jack," she cried. "And pass me the cigarettes, like a good child. There, now," selecting one, "light it for me! And Amiel," to the waiter passing by, "bring me a green chartreuse."

"And Monsieur?" inquired the watchful Amiel.

Manson shivered slightly, and waved the man away.

"Why, Jack," said Nanine, coolly. "What made you do that? I don't care, now, you know!"

"Well, I suppose I'm a fool to care, Nanine, but I do," said Manson.

"Yes, Jack, you are a fool," agreed Nanine, as she blew little smoke-rings slowly up into the heavy air. "And it never pays, you know. Never!"

MABEL WARREN SANFORD.

### TO A PLATONIC FRIEND.

**H**E "believes not in love,"  
 But in "friendship with kisses."  
 The first he's above—  
 He believes not in love—  
 The second to prove,  
 There's no chance that he misses.  
 He believes not in love,  
 But in friendship with kisses.

CARRIE B. BOURLAND.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF CAMPING OUT.

**C**AMPING OUT with a cavalry troop is very good experience. It enlarges one's mind: it teaches one to arrest men; to get up at one o'clock at night and do guard duty till five; and punctiliously to salute the second lieutenant, whom one has been in the habit of slapping on the back and calling Cary. It changes one's ideas on the relative importance of men, and on the necessity of cleanliness in forks. Finally it teaches that camping out is neither so serious as one imagines, nor so simple as they make it out in books.

Elsewhere I have shown that the beginnings of a cavalry troop run no more smoothly than love. The climax of trial, however, comes at the first encampment. Then it is like that desperate chapter in the novel, when the hero, cast away on the desert island, is ingeniously inventing substitutes for the things so picturesquely lacking, while the heroine is being bullied into plighting her troth to the hated suitor with the slight cast in one eye and the untold millions. I can speak flippantly now about our danger, because we escaped safely from the desert island—this is more than a figure of speech—and are at present living happily ever after.

Camping out is a great moral lesson. As an educator it ranks with football and marriage. It develops the instinct of self-preservation, a very few days of it sufficing to impress upon men that when there is only food enough for half, a squadron, one always should be the first half.

Speaking of arresting men, there is a vast difference between the arrest military and the police

arrest. The militiaman has no choice: he must arrest his man though he be twice as big as himself, and of a disposition to lay for his arrestor at some future time, when there shall no longer be any brief chevrons between them. The policeman, on the other hand, almost always has a crowd to choose from, and can pick a small and inoffensive man of no retaliatory disposition. Furthermore, he does not take off his coat and become Dr. Jekelled back into a simple lawyer or farmer; whereas the militiaman may not even be imposing in his uniform, if he looks as sheepish as he feels. A policeman, on the other hand, the majesty of the law never ceases to encompass—merely sassing him is a feat.

How I happen to know all these things is because our troop was, once upon a time, invited to go into camp with another troop. We accepted (it was the first time, gentle reader—they always do spring something new on us, so that we can't learn by experience) and we assembled on that very hot day, which perhaps you remember. Those of us who were prompt came at three o'clock and waited till half past six, for those who were not; then we right-forward-fours-righted by our captain's recently perfected commanding voice, and were off.

A proper voice for commanding is not such an easy thing to acquire. The tone of voice one uses to yell at a fellow across the street, sounds painfully weak and inadequate when it calls out, "*Break from the right, and march to the left; MARCH!*" Our captain's voice, like everything else in our troop, has gone through considerable evolution since first he drew us up, a shivering, heterogeneous mass of ignorance and enthusiasm, and taught us that we were not to

move when he commanded *forward*, until he added MARCH; also that the proper position for our right hands was not in our pockets, however much the thermometer argued that it was. At present our captain's voice is quite imposing, though when he gets excited it is not always easy for the men in the last set of fours to distinguish between "Draw, sabre," and "Trot, march."

At home, officers seem a kind of ornamental adjunct. Away from home you find that officers are as important to a troop as cooks are to civilization. It is a shock to a free-born American citizen to find himself so dependent for his comfort and well-being on another man. An officer in a militia company has a fine chance to practice unselfishness. It is satisfactory to have officers who *do* practice it. When our captain rode ten miles at a stretch in the rear of the troop, and came in so dusty that you could not tell the color of his horse, it did not make the rest of us any the less dusty, but it made us feel so.

The first night we rode twenty-five miles to the top of the Blue Ridge. Our journey was enlivened by song, the first sergeant and the guidon sergeant singing in front, and others at the rear. The rest of us, between, received Sweet Marie in one ear and John Brown's Body in the other, with patience.

We camped near a summer hotel. The stableman, who was to furnish feed for our horses, slept well that night: he woke up after all the summer guests. Our own supper came in the wagon half an hour later, by which time we had a good fire burning, and had experimented on many ways to make blankets and ponchos feel a little like beds.

The first night of camping out is so idyllic that you

wonder that you have not camped out all your life. With your hands clasped above your head you look up at the stars and think the thoughts they send, stopping now and again to pity the miserable sentinel standing by the campfire, or to marvel at the hardness of the ground. I suppose you go to sleep after awhile; for in three minutes the sun, bobbing up in an obtrusive, premature way as it never does in civilization, wakes you: and you observe the results of the hardness of the ground in the stiffness of your bones, and envy the sentinel because he already has his boots on, while yours are sticky with dew. Everything has a bizarre look. There are no stars and no thoughts. Your eyes blink. Of course you *have* been asleep, but you don't feel as if you had. You next observe Nature's inadequate washing appliances and begin to understand how much you owe to man. Even the wood for your fire does not grow, but comes from some good, kind gentleman's fence.

The quartermaster sergeant prepares breakfast, while you keep on blinking. He knows how to camp, but you do not try to learn—it does not seem likely that you will ever be fool enough to camp out again. You haven't that appetite, either, which story books have taught you is one of a soldier's perquisites, though that doesn't keep you from plaintively asking, every few minutes, when that coffee will be done.

The appetite which would not wait on you at your frugal breakfast, comes to you afterwards when you stroll down to the hotel and are invited by friends to a real breakfast. But by that time the pride of uniform has returned, and you say that a soldier's simple fare is enough for you. They look at you admiringly, but not half so admiringly as they would if they knew what the refusal cost you.



Camping out, as I said in the beginning, is improving. Just how much we needed improvement we began to comprehend when we joined the other troop and started out with Lieutenant-Colonels, Adjutants, Color Sergeants, and all the other paraphernalia of war. Man cannot study Tactics by himself alone: and we had entirely overlooked the principles of Paragraph 8, to our infinite confusion when the lieutenant-colonel began to give us orders and expect us to obey them correctly. Paragraph 8 is an intellectual pursuit in itself. Its principles permeate cavalry manœuvering as the spoils system does politics. Without it, Tactics would lose half its terrors. I think if we had read Paragraph 8 before we organized our troop, we never should have organized at all. Lucky for us that its dread import only gradually dawned on us, as our colonel commanded, "Form fours, *trot*, march!" and then yelled, "Keep at a walk there in that first set of fours"—for that is the curious way that the principles of Paragraph 8 act.

On the third day we rode a distance which I have heard variously estimated at from forty to fifty-five miles, according to the temper of the estimator. On that trip our horses had nothing to eat from two o'clock till half past one at night—the lieutenant-colonel rode a borrowed horse—and the admiration which his evidently superior knowledge of Tactics had inspired in us, rapidly diminished under his evidently inferior horsemanship. It took about twenty-four hours after our arrival in camp to make us think again that the playing soldier was worth the candle.

The state furnished us tents. We furnished the

state drilling. The tents seemed rather effeminate after our hardy, open-air life; and I dare say our drilling impressed the state similarly. We used the tents in order not to hurt the state's feelings; and with equal tact the state complimented our drilling, so as not to hurt our feelings. We received our reward a few days later when it rained; and the state, I suppose, received its reward next year at the Pocahontas strike.

We ate under a mess-tent, on a table which began with a clean table-cloth. This table-cloth was acting dish-towel and napkin besides its own rank. It deteriorated; and one was obliged constantly to change one's seat if one wished fresh places to wipe one's forks on. Many accepted the forks as the state saw fit that we should receive them; but a few rejoiced in the table-cloth and its cleansing possibilities, until too frequent changes had annihilated all hopes of finding a cleaner place. One day it disappeared, and we rejoiced at more prospective possibilities of clean forks. But we never saw it again. The officers gave a supper to the ladies at the hotel just before we came away, and for them the table-cloth reappeared, beautiful and white—rather superfluously, too, since that night I have heard the forks were clean. However, other matters came up which distracted our minds; and before we came away we had learned, as I said, that clean forks were, after all, of the minor necessities of man.

There was a tournament and a shooting match. In the tournament the adjutant, who was a lieutenant of the regular army, got second place. Outside of him our troop got the first six places, which was not bad, considering that there had been some talking

done. The posts, from which we had to cut the heads with our sabres, were rather close together, therefore the colonel announced that instead of making the right cut, as Tactics prescribes, from our left shoulders, we should jab forward at the heads, much as an old woman with a broom would shoo a hen off a fence. I was very well pleased, because this is somewhat my style anyway; but others made such an outcry that the colonel was obliged to change. Subsequent events proved the wisdom of the colonel's decision; for both he and I came out very near the bottom.

In the shooting I forget just how many places we won. I know that we had more than twice as many points as A Troop, though having only half as many men. After that we did not look with so much awe on the numerous shooting medals which adorned the breasts of our opponents. A medal, to retain its virtue, must be lived up to. All of which promoted a certain rivalry—particularly in the other troop—and tended to make the drilling better, since neither troop liked to have the other one hear the colonel swear at it.

The drill ground was a field hardly large enough for a troop, not to mention the squadron, that we were supposed to be. It was dotted with holes, sunken graves of soldiers, a foot or more deep. When one was running one's horse on the moving flank of the line in "Left turn," these graves were unpleasant and suggestive. The worst of it was that in such a small field no sooner was *left turn* executed, than it had to be executed again, to avoid running up a precipitous mountain or into a railroad. It was almost like "Crack the whip." I have seen our

quartermaster sergeant spurring his colt, *ventre à terre*, reckless of graves or aught but keeping within hailing distance of the squadron, and the colonel yelling at him to go faster. Some of us wished the old manœuvre could be executed for good and all, and drawn and quartered afterwards.

Drilling as we did, subdues men and horses. One does not, for instance, see a man drop out of the ranks when his horse happens to be kicked, saying, "See here, Cap, I can't ride next to that mare of Williams's. I wouldn't have this horse hurt for all the cavalry in America." Which does not, I think, imply disrespect for the cavalry so much as a perhaps exaggerated appreciation of the horse. One does not, I say, see such doings after a week of hard drilling in a graveyard, less because the men have become oblivious to kicks than because the horses are chastened in spirit: even the one-eyed mare, whose rider could safely approach her only on the blind side—which unfortunately for him was the off side—forgot to regard every other horse as an invitation to kick.

Speaking of arresting—which I did some time ago—it doesn't take long for a system of very vigilant sentinels to become established in camp. The first man who comes in after taps and is put in the guard-tent, very naturally, when next he is on duty keeps his eyes peeled for the man who caught him. He may, of course, not wait for this, but offer on the spot to take off his coat and knock the stuffing out of his captor. This is not etiquette, and he will have time to think it over in the guard-tent. But allow that he does as is right and proper and bides his time. He will the next night arrest at least three times as many men as he would naturally do. All

the men whom he arrests, will in turn, on subsequent nights—but why continue? The intelligent reader's brain is doubtless already reeling under the vista I am unfolding of countless permutations and combinations of watchful sentries, eager to arrest all, lest one escape. "I'd give five dollars to arrest Tuttle," cried one man after we had been in camp a week. Anyone who has been a week in camp knows how large five dollars looks then, and can guess to what depths the soul of this man was stirred—and he was but one of many. K B.

---

#### LITTLE THINGS.

"THIS *Alumni Bulletin* is a queer magazine," said the Northern Scum, to me. "In the January number it had a life of Professor Minor, which made him out the greatest man in the world—"

"Yes," I interrupted, "that is proper in a Life."

"You could forgive it because he had recently died," assented the Northern Scum. "But then came the April number with a life of Professor Harrison, making *him* out the greatest man in the world; and now the July number has a life of Professor Dabney, making *HIM* out the greatest man in the world."

"Nothing could be simpler," I answered. "Just as I publish the *MAGPIE* in order that I may accept all my own stories, so the Faculty of the University of Virginia publishes the *Bulletin* in order that it may publish its own Lives. Professor Harrison and Professor Dabney come first on the Editorial Committee:—it is but right that their Lives should be

published first. Dr. Buckmaster's and Professor Thornton's Lives will follow in the October and January numbers. After which four other professors will undoubtedly be put on the Editorial Committee and have a chance to enjoy ante-mortem obituary delights."

"But," said the Northern Scum," how can a man walk abroad, in open day, unblushingly, after having seen such praise of himself in print?"

"It is very evident," I said severely to the Northern Scum, "that you have no conception of our Southern modesty."

\* \* \*

Two little boys flew over the ground like a rabbit and a rabbit-dog. They flew, till they came to a large puddle.

The first little boy, the rabbit-boy, dashed in. The second little boy, the rabbit-dog boy, stopped.

The first little boy had on rubber boots.

The second little boy hadn't, and either didn't have the sand to follow without, or he was a good little boy.

\* \* \*

The eternal truths of the universe, for some people, are the conventions of society.

\* \* \*

Like other forms of sin, bargains always appeal to me. Small wonder, then, that I strayed into Chas. Broadway Rouss's store, in New York, which had the most astonishing bargains displayed in the windows, such as hatchets for four cents and suspenders for three. To be sure I desired neither hatchets nor suspenders,—but that is neither here nor there.

A clem came up to me as I entered the door and

began to scribble on a bundle I had under my arm. I was surprised, but tried to act as if perfectly conversant with the usages of good society, and timidly asked where I could find hatchets or suspenders or— or writing paper—or clock, or—or—or most anything.

The clerk's steely eyes transfixed me. I think he knew I was no genuine seeker after hatchets or suspenders, but a victim to the vice of bargains; and it amused him to play with me as a cat does with a mouse.

"Ninth floor," he said; "Suspenders, third floor; stationery, fourth; clocks, tenth; other things, first, second, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth."

Escaping from him I walked toward the elevator, bitterly rueing my fall, yet unable to turn back like a man. At the elevator there was a big sign:—

"He who bilt, owns and occuples this marvel of brik, iron & granit, 18 years ago walkt the streets peniles and \$51000 in det. Only to prove that the capitalists of toda wer pur men twenty yers ago and that many a felo facing poverty toda may be a capitalist a qarter of a century hence, IF HE WIL. Pluk adorned with ambition, bakt by honor brite wil always comand succes even without the Alimity Dolar.

"The proprietor though no smoker, nor chews, enjoys the flavor of a good cigar, but the nasty old pipe or the poisonous cigarette will not be tolerated in the house, prefer a dead rat or polkat."

This sign cheered me up a little: it was encouraging, particularly to a poor speller like me. I also reflected that I was fifty-one thousand dollars ahead of him eighteen years ago.

I went up in the elevator and bought something or

other, I think it was an alarm clock, for thirty-nine cents, which went off at odd times, as I subsequently found out. They gave me a check which I had to present at the door in order to get out. Just what they would do to a person who, for lack of buying anything, should have no check to present, I do not know; but from the looks of the young man at the door and from the awful spelling, I fear the worst.

\* \* \*

What I don't understand, is why these fool little moths, who could come out in the day time and get all the light they want—why they don't.

\* \* \*

I see from the papers that Mr. S. R. Scroggins, of Baltimore, has a flying fish at his store which his friends may while away a weary hour by looking at. We are not told whether Mr. Scroggins's flying fish was caught with a hook and line like an ordinary fish, or was shot on the wing like a quail. The latter way is the more sportsmanlike; though either is preferable to lying around on the vasty deep, while the dolphins do the hunting, and then when the poor little panting flying fish seek refuge on the ship, gathering them up in baskets. Flying fish have large wing-like fins, by means of which they skim the boundless ocean. It has been proposed—though with what chance of success I do not know—to domesticate these interesting animals and train them to skim milk, thus lightening the labors of our hard-worked farmers' wives and driving out of existence the pernicious centrifugal cream separator.

\* \* \*

"They proceeded to satisfy their appetites with



countenances to which an expression of cheerfulness was again restored."—*Pickwick Papers*.

*Query.* How many countenances does it take to satisfy an ordinary appetite?

\* \* \*

The *North Carolina Presbyterian*, which is religious—at least I suppose it is—ought to quote George Herbert correctly. In its issue for July 16th, it quotes (second verse):

All may of Thee partake,  
Nothing can be so mean,  
Which with the tincture: "For thy sake,"  
Will not grow bright and clean.

I have not a copy of Herbert's poems at hand, but as I remember the verse it runs:

All may of Thee partake,  
Nothing so small can be,  
But draws when acted for thy sake,  
Greatness and worth from Thee.

Which strikes me as considerably better than the sapolio-advertisement version of the *North Carolina Presbyterian*.

\* \* \*

Since I have been acquainted with the MAGPIE I learn that publishers do very queer things. They not only print their magazines, but they also print—on one side of the paper only—neat little non-committal "literary notices," which obliging and lazy editors of other papers put into their papers.

That is all very well—though it does seem a little hard on the reader—when one man writes the literary notices and another writes the sweet little notes to

the contributors. But how can I, who write both of them, reconcile myself to saying one thing as the proud and happy editor and another as the jeering critic—for my literary conscience would oblige me to speak in a superior and scathing tone, at times, even of my own work, not to mention any one else's.

What could I say to the irate contributor who came to me with my letter in one hand and my literary notice in the other, and exclaimed: "See here, Brown, what the devil do you mean by writing to me that you are charmed with my gem of a sonnet, and then sending a literary notice to half a hundred blooming papers that *To a Tree Toad* is a fair sample of a machine-made sonnet, barring one imperfect rhyme?"

Obviously I could only droop my head in shame.

\* \* \*

I have just seen the *Lark*, of San Francisco. It is unlike anything in the heavens above or the earth beneath. I find it charming; but then everybody does that, except those who think Gelett Burgess crazy—and they don't count, of course.

\* \* \*

Speaking of the heat reminds me of a curious experience. They were riding from Charlottesville to Staunton on another hot day, and gradually acquired a thirst of the kind the man said he would not sell for ten dollars. They took lunch at Afton and ordered beer: but Afton was a prohibition hamlet. They toiled to Mountain Top, and that was prohibition. Four miles beyond, they came to Basic City, a boom town whose future lies behind it. It consoles itself in drink, but its saloons are not inviting.

Though they were thirsty, they had not lost their

Tuckahoe pride. "We will wait till we get to Waynesboro," they said; "Waynesboro which is a sure-enough town, and only a mile away."

Your handkerchief, gentle reader, for my tears:—Waynesboro also was prohibition and Staunton twelve miles away. The whole world seemed prohibitive to that unhappy pair on that memorable day.

### THE SEQUEL.

**W**HEN the owl and the pussy-cat put to sea  
In their pea-green boat so fair,  
The parson good from out the wood  
Married the happy pair.

\* \* \*

Kind Mr. Lear leaves us just here  
And nothing further is stated,  
But I've recently heard, by a small sized bird,  
From the pair so happily mated.

The little bird told me, so pray don't scold me,  
I state but what I've heard,  
That the owl and cat, in a worn out hat,  
Was nursing a small *cat-bird*.

W. A. SLAUGHTER.

### FIN DE SIÈCLE.

**"I** am *tired*," said the bicycle, "even to death,"  
To the *untired* bulk that bestrode her;  
Then, pausing she gave up her pneumatic breath,  
And fell on the road where he rode her.

J. B. T.

One of the MAGPIE's readers has complained bitterly that he could not see any point in The Other Kind of Nothing, and seemed to imply that the bird ought to supply objective intelligence as well as subjective literature. That its readers may all see how good and kind and simple the MAGPIE is by comparison, I reprint a bit from a song of Yone Noguchi in the last *Lark*:

**T**HE INKY-GARMENTED, TRUTH-DEAD CLOUD—WOVEN BY DUMB GHOST ALONE IN THE DARKNESS OF PHANTASMAL MOUNTAIN-MOUTH—KIDNAPPED THE MAIDEN MOON, SILENCE-FACED, LOVE-MANNERED, MIRRORING HER GOLDEN BREAST IN SILVERY RIVULETS:

THE WIND, HER LOVER, GREY-HAIRED IN ONE MOMENT, CRAZES AROUND THE UNIVERSE, HUNTING HER DEWY LOVE-LETTERS, STREWN SECRETLY UPON THE OAT-CARPETS OF THE OPEN FIELD.

O, DRAMA! NEVER PERFORMED, NEVER GOSSIPED, NEVER RHYMED! BEHOLD—TO THE BLIND BEAST, EVER TEARLESS, IRON-HEARTED, THE HEAVEN HAS NO MOUTH TO PROCLAIM THESE TIDINGS!

AH, WHERE IS THE MAN WHO LIVES OUT OF HIMSELF?—THE POET INSPIRED OFTEN TO CHRONICLE THESE THINGS?

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## THE MAGPIE:

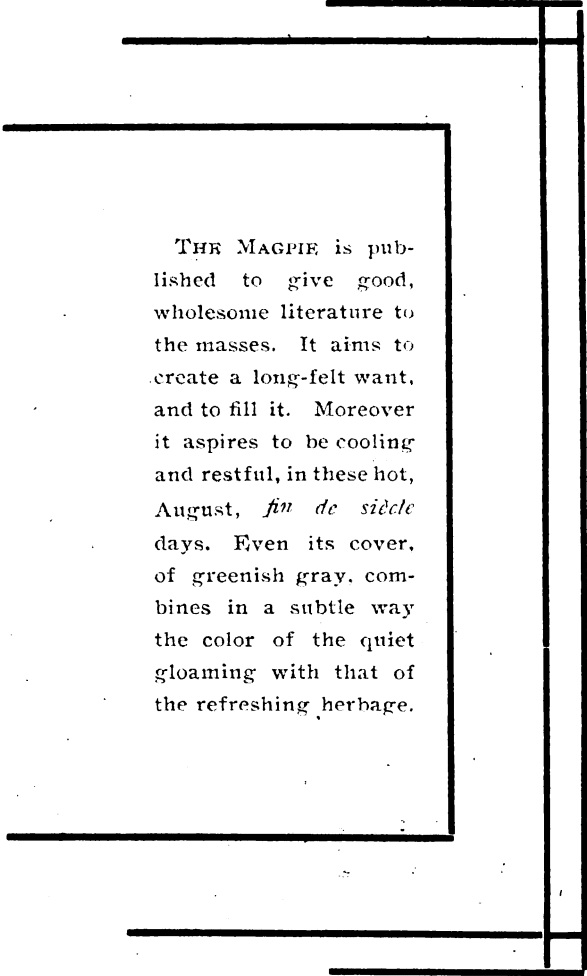
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THE MAGPIE is published to give good, wholesome literature to the masses. It aims to create a long-felt want, and to fill it. Moreover it aspires to be cooling and restful, in these hot, August, *fin de siècle* days. Even its cover, of greenish gray, combines in a subtle way the color of the quiet gloaming with that of the refreshing herbage.

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# THE MAGPIE.

ONE OF THE EPHEMERALS.

SEPTEMBER, 1896.

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Little Things.

Volume I, Number 4.

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# THE MAGPIE.

VOL. I.

SEPTEMBER, 1896.

No. 4.

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## THE PROPER PRELIMINARY MOVEMENT, WITH A DIGRESSION ON LOVE.

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(*Being a Chapter in "The Art of Becoming a Farmer,"  
A Growing Book.*)

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR:—The following MS. was sent to the MAGPIE anonymously. The postmark on the envelope was Elmira, New York. Therefore it would seem as if the attitude of "Cymlin' Swayback" of being a resident of Virginia were a mere pose. The MAGPIE surmises that "Cymlin'" probably spent a short time in the South—long enough to feel its fatal fascination—and was then driven from among us by the extreme unpopularity which such a person as Cymlin' would be sure to attain to in our refined and cultivated midst. This hypothesis would account for the bitter tone visible in parts of the article, particularly in Cymlin's references to our young ladies.

The MAGPIE, of course, does not hold itself responsible for any of the sentiments expressed by Mr. Swayback. It sees with pain that some of them are written with the evident purpose of stirring up sectional animosity and again plunging our country into a great civil war. The MAGPIE has decided to publish this article rather for the superficial and meretricious merits which it has, than because it treats of farming with the gravity becoming these times of agricultural depression.

For some time the MAGPIE has contemplated pub-



lishing a series of articles on topics that appeal to the rural mind, such as potatoes, pigs, prunes, and things beginning with other letters of the alphabet. As a preliminary to these, perhaps this article of Cymlin' Swayback's—a palpable and *naïf nom de guerre*—may prove acceptable, as the froth on the intellectual beer that is to follow.

In conclusion, if any of the MAGPIE'S readers feel that it has not given sufficient reasons why such an article as this should be published at all, let them remember that the MAGPIE has never published an article on the Roentgen Rays, nor cracked a joke at free silver, and accord it the indulgence which such abstinence deserves.]

**P**HILANTHROPISTS always advise you to go elsewhere; or if you are elsewhere by all means to stay there. This is good advice. Being a philanthropist myself, in a small way, and having beheld much philanthropy, I have had splendid opportunities for observing the evil effects of not following this advice, for it never is followed. But since I say, "come," and not "stay where you are," the perspicacious reader will discern that I am not addressing the earnest-minded and aspiring young person, who needs, or might profit by, advice, but the loafer and frivolous one who would rather ride cross country than eat, dance than lay up treasures in heaven:—to him—and to her—I say, go South.

Bring not your northern prejudices, hardly your northern principles, with you. Prepare to hear a law professor in the foremost college of the south solemnly declare that the south fought to defend the constitution of the United States in the late un-

pleasantness; prepare to hear that the northern army was entirely composed of mercenaries, Hessians, Germans, Swedes, Poles, Danes—anything but northerners. Prepare to hear that one Southerner is braver than five Northerners, and more refined than ten; that the only poets that America has produced are Poe, Lanier, and a few others whom I forget; that it was the philanthropists of Boston who kept up the slave trade; and that but for a trifling mistake at Gettysburg, or elsewhere, the south would now “be dictating the policy of the United States from Bunker Hill Monument.”

If you have character to withstand all this, or better still if you have tact to avoid all subjects but horses, hunting, crops, the salubrity of the climate, and the surpassing beauty of the girls, then your life will be very pleasant and interesting. And here I may digress a minute to say that not the least curious part of your pleasure and interest will be your falling in love. You will fall in love, of course; at least you will presently hear that you have, with details: if you go away suddenly, Miss A will be the cause; if you come back suddenly, Miss B will be the cause. And if you are blue, Miss C will have “kicked,” which means refused, you. This last in particular may amaze you, especially when you learn the number of Misses C that, metaphorically, there are, and from what good authority the report sometimes comes. But there is flattering consolation in the universal interest your affairs seem to arouse, until you discover the same universality of interest in everybody's affairs. Then you are reduced to the ungallant consolation of reflecting how much worse it might have been, had you been accepted in the same unbeknownst way in which you were kicked.

Some of these kickings, moreover, are their own excuse, from their engaging picturesqueness. I know a man who casually learned that he had taken a girl to the top of a high precipice, and told her that unless she would marry him, he would hurl himself and her and the horse—a valuable horse—and the cart, into eternity. The man was pleased when he heard this; he had not known that he was capable of such melodrama; but the climax disappointed him. After his ferocious declaration of love, not a shriek, not a tear rent the air. (Tears usually trickle down cheeks, but in such a situation as this, it seems as if they might appropriately rend something.) His fair enslaver merely replied, “You’re crazy”—as no doubt he was—and they drove home.

This reminds me of the advantages love-makers enjoy at the south. There love-making is sufficient unto itself. There, there is no disagreeable forethought, no mental calculation of your salary as you tell Miss Virginia you love her; no wondering if anyone will think anything if you go to see Miss Georgia six times in the week, not counting Sundays; no need even of continuing to call next week if you prefer to swap over to Miss Carolina.

I would not imply that people will not talk. They will talk in any case and, therefore, are left entirely out of consideration. Besides you can square matters by talking about them, which, with a little practice, is a very pleasant occupation.

I must return, however, to my proper preliminary movement in the art of becoming a farmer.

You leave New York in winter. When you wake up in the Pullman, next morning, the snow has

almost disappeared. You begin to see horses and mules under the saddle, as well as in harness. The saddles, too, are deeper ; and if their horses are not "gaited" the riders sit the trot, instead of posting. As you pull out of Washington, a negro, riding bare-back, runs his horse beside the train ; and you note the difference between his seat and that of the riders in Central Park, who look on "going on the road," as an equestrian feat.

After a while you notice negro quarters by the side of the road, little picturesque shanties, some of which contain the best servants in the world, and some the worst. The air, by afternoon, has become so mild that you stand on the rear platform of the train without an overcoat. The snow only lies in specks on steep northern slopes, where the sun does not reach. The train swings around a curve through a lot of dried leaves, which jump up in a hurry and tear wildly after it, like fussy little old commuters trying to catch the eight-thirty. Guinea-hens, large gray eggs with two little legs and a ridiculous little head, stand around in an interested way, and look for things to peck at, while the world rushes by them.

Just how long you stay on the train depends on your taste. If you have very good taste you will get off about two o'clock. That is when I get off. The buckboard waiting for me has a curiously unwashed appearance, and the horse looks smaller than I remember him, and more unkempt. But by the time I get home he is as large as ever, and in comparison with a good many of the rigs I meet, the buckboard is very clean indeed. Then, when I get into riding-

breeches and on my mare up in the Ragged Mountains, I wonder how I ever existed three months on foot and in electric cars.

All this by way of Preface. If I had labelled it Preface you would not have read it.

CYMLIN' SWAYBACK.

---

### THE MERETRICIOUS THUG.

THE story I was reading had a ghastly attempt at murder. Lady Forrester heard the figure creeping towards her in the dark. She saw it pass in front of one window, and then in agony waited for it to reach the other. She tried to cry out, but was powerless, as in a nightmare. Then the cloth, saturated in chloroform, was pressed over her face, and—well, I could stand it no longer, and went to bed.

When the bed-clothes were tucked tight about my chin, I felt better. In my hand I held a thirty-two calibre Smith and Wesson, and I tried not to think of the chloroform-saturated cloth and the sinking feeling of Lady Forrester. A revolver is a comfort against ghosts, imaginary robbers and mice in the walls.

For awhile I only had the last to guard against. Then the imaginary robber came pattering up the tin roof of the old shed, under my window. I rose up in bed, ready to be a hero. Looking out I saw, by the moonlight, that it was only the icicles melting and dropping down.

After that I grew sleepy. I turned over on my side, resting my temple against the barrel of my revolver. Through the window I looked up towards

the barn where slept Virginia of Virginia, a three-quarterbred filly of whom I had hopes.

The trees were all thickly encrusted with ice, shining in the moonlight with a summery effect of silver leaves. The thaw kept on tinkling down the icicles in the most engaging way, and altogether I completely forgot about Lady Forrester and the chloroform-saturated cloth.

Just as I was dozing off, my window was darkened, the sash rose, and a man put one foot into the room. My heart gave one big jump, and then I became quite calm. The man looked sixty years old and cold and wet, and my pistol, as it lay on my pillow, pointed directly at him. I quite pitied him: I was so warm under two down comforters; and I knew he would presently be so disappointed.

When he had got his second leg inside, and was sitting on the window-sill, peering into the shadow of the room, I spoke:

"To what, may I ask, do I owe the honor of this visit?" I have often wished I could be as polite to my friends and relations as I am to the blacklegs I meet.

The robber gasped, and then in the approved way hissed to me to hold my peace an' I valued my existence.

"For your sake," I replied with unabated politeness, "I regret to say that I've got the drop on you."

"That air a fish story," he returned snappishly. In his experience men did not get the drop on any one without swift action.

I moved my hand about four inches into the bar of moonshine that fell across the edge of the pillow.

"Do you believe now?" I asked. The pistol was in plain sight.

The burglar looked crestfallen. "I see that my incognito can no longer be preserved," he said, speaking in an entirely different voice, that of a cultivated gentleman. He crossed his legs comfortably. "I must confess to you that I am no burglar at all, but a ghost."

"You may tell that," said I, "to the marines."

"I did not expect you to believe me," he said, patiently. "But if you will kindly take that tennis racquet at the head of your bed, you will find that you can wave it through me—or you may throw a pillow at me and I shall be no hindrance to its passing out of the window."

The fellow was very plausible. I have cut my eye teeth, however, and a moment's reflection showed me that the burglar hoped by his stratagem either to wrench the tennis racquet from my hand and brain me, or to escape under cover of the pillow, as Hector once escaped from an awkward predicament, in a cloud.

The burglar seemed to read my thoughts. With quiet courtesy he continued: "Or I will simply fade away, if that will convince you better."

"If you can fade away before I get a shot at you, it certainly will convince me," I said with some asperity.

"Would you rather have me disappear suddenly, or with a lingering smile, gradually, like the Cheshire Cat?" he asked.

I laughed. The fellow's assurance amused me. "You may leave your smile as a memento," I answered, humoring him, and cocking my pistol. It was a self-cocking revolver, so that this was unnecessary, but I thought the moral effect would be good.

The burglar smiled in a superior way which nettled me. I went on: "Not that your smile strikes me as anything remarkable—" I was going to add more, had not a wonderful thing happened, which, if I had not seen it myself, I could hardly believe. The room grew lighter, and I, still looking at the burglar, found myself seeing, instead, the rows of ice-covered trees and the barn, while the moonlight again flooded the floor.

Dazed, I clutched my brow, thinking sudden blindness had stricken me. Then remembering that blindness would shut out the moonlight and the barn as well as the burglar, I drew a breath of relief. Still staring at the window, I presently made out a faint ironical smile, where the burglar's head had been; and cold beads of sweat stood on my brow as I comprehended that the words of the burglar must be true.

I sat up in bed, and would have fled from the room, had I dared turn my back on that cold, clammy smile. Its having no eyes or ears gave it a ghastly grown-someness which a man can hardly picture to himself within whose experience no such smile has ever come. The smile as I gazed grew more mocking.

"I thoroughly believe you now," I cried, writhing under its amusement, and moreover impelled by a polite desire to make the *amende honorable* for having doubted the word of my guest.

The smile vouchsafed no response, and I became uneasy.

"Wont you please come back?" I pleaded, nervously—"the rest of you, I mean,"

Still there came no sign.

"It was very embarrassing, your disappearing so



suddenly, when you had promised to disappear gradually," I continued, my uneasiness changing to irritation. "I can't talk to a smile by itself. Let me at least have your ears, to be sure that you can hear me."

The words were hardly out of my mouth before the whole burglar sat again on the window sill.

"Thank you," I said, relieved.

"Don't mention it," said the burglar. "I hope I didn't make the smile too weak: I forgot that you were not used to the night like me."

"Not at all," I answered. "I only wish that I could smile as well at afternoon teas when I want to disappear."

The burglar—or rather the ghost as it would now be polite to call him—seemed pleased. He smiled again, that smile which I knew so well, as the story books say.

"You flatter me," he replied. "It's an accomplishment that any ghost can learn, though most of them neglect it—not but that they have time enough." A pained look swept across his features.

I felt the delicacy of the situation, and changed the subject.

"Would you mind telling me why you pretended to be a burglar?" I asked.

He laughed. "It was just for fun. People latterly had taken to receiving me so coldly and sceptically as a ghost that it hurt my feelings. Burglars are always believed in."

"Then you are not the ghost of a burglar?" I queried.

"No; I was a lawyer, a distinguished lawyer, I may say, of some time ago. My name is Symonds, and you probably remember that I was counsel for

the plaintiff in the celebrated Mifflin-Scarborough divorce trial, shortly before my death.—Now that I am found out, I suppose I ought to appear in my proper clothes.” He glanced down at his suit in a shamefaced way. “The truth is, I have become so accustomed to these old burglar duds that I wear them most of the time.”

“I am no stickler for etiquette at this time of night,” I said, waving my hand in a deprecating way. I had become strangely interested in the gentleman, and reached down to the chair at my bedside for my notebook and pencil, which always lie there for ideas that may come during the night. Holding the notebook in the bar of moonshine, at the edge of my pillow, I began to jot down a few incidents of our conversation.

“What are you doing?” asked the ghost.

“Just taking down a few of your remarks,” I answered.

“May I inquire what for?”

“I’m a reporter,” I said, laying down my pencil; for it occurred to me that he might not know of all our modern innovations. “It is true that I am at home, temporarily, out of a job; but I should like to work up a special article, if you don’t mind, of an interview with you.”

The ghost looked puzzled and a little alarmed, yet not altogether displeased. He uncrossed his legs, and sat up straight, preening himself, as a man of fashion does, smoothing his hair, and putting his hand to his cravat. And when I looked at him again he was no longer dressed in his burglar clothes, but in the most picturesque old velvet suit, embroidered in white, with knee breeches, silk stockings on his well-turned legs, and a powdered wig.

The change did not surprise me, though I was a little amazed to find so much vanity still residing in one who could hardly expect our *fin de siècle* to take him seriously, at least by daylight. I made a note, however, of his distinguished appearance; for I have noticed in my profession that that is the most important part of an interview, as far as the person interviewed is concerned. Then I came to my leading question:

"Will you please tell the readers of the \_\_\_\_\_ (I will fill in the name when I have sold the article) why you do not rest in your grave, but haunt?"

"Sir!" he shouted, indignantly, "You have no right to ask such a question. It is no affair of yours."

"Mr. Symonds," I answered, respectfully, but with dignity, "I am not asking this to satisfy my own curiosity. For me it suffices that you do haunt, and do come here at an hour which for any one not in your condition of life, or—or—or death, would be unseemly. It is solely in my professional capacity as reporter, to satisfy the craving for information of the Great American People, as exemplified in the readers of the—(whatever paper buys my story) that I ask you this question."

"It is nevertheless a question no gentleman would ask," he answered hotly.

Still preserving my calm, in spite of his language, I replied: "Mr. Symonds, in the celebrated divorce trial, in which you were counsel for the plaintiff, you asked infinitely more impertinent questions in the discharge of your duties than I am now asking in the discharge of mine."

The ghost winced. I had known nothing of this particular Mifflin-Scarborough case, yet of divorce

trials in general I knew enough to make the assertion confidently. For a minute the ghost sat silent, pondering abashed.

"Are all your questions as searching?" he asked, at length, humbly.

"All," I answered, firmly, to dispel any lingering erroneous hopes he might entertain, I smiled at his dismay, a smile perhaps as irritating to him as his detached or disembodied smile had been to me. It was my triumph, and I showed it, perhaps too plainly, forgetting one resource of a ghost's for extricating himself from unpleasant predicaments.

Not another word was spoken, but all at once I found myself again looking through the window, the view, this time, not even obstructed by a smile.

I never saw Mr. Symonds again. Evidently the complications of our *fin de siècle* civilization were too much for him.

KENNETH BROWN.

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## THE LOVE OF HORSES,

### OR THE USEFULNESS OF THE 400.

**T**HOSE who write of the follies of men have often depicted the pitfalls into which a presumptuous ignorance of horseflesh leads: and the man ignorant of horses is always presumptuous—horses seem to him so simple, and that is the greatest pitfall of all. Writers of fifty or a hundred years ago especially, revelled in the horse to point a moral and adorn a tale. Of late years the horse has figured less prominently: possibly because of the ill-success which has attended the warnings of our predecessors; perhaps

from a diminishing knowledge of horseflesh among satirical writers; or it may be on account of the smaller public interest in tales with morals.

Still the subject is as timely as ever. Only a few days ago there was an occurrence in New York, which, though its most obvious lesson undoubtedly was the danger of too great spirituous elation, yet illustrated strongly the risks that one unacquainted with the rudiments of horse-science runs; for I take it that the foundation of all horse knowledge is an appreciation of the different values of horses.

There was a certain Riley, it seems, who, coming out of a saloon on Fifty-second Street, after a rather extended stay, felt that he was a "dom fine man." This Riley saw the property of a trusting cabman standing unguarded by the roadside, conceived a desire to drive, and forthwith gratified his desire. His drive was swift and erratic; it ended when he wrecked the cab against a truck on Mulberry Street.

Riley's drive was at an end, but he saw no reason why his fun should be. So he sold the horse and the harness to a chance expressman for seventeen dollars, and continued his career on foot.

When the trusting cabman, after twenty-four hours searching, located the remains of his property, Riley's fate was unpleasant. With it, however, I have no concern. It is the chance expressman, James Judge, at whom my moral is pointed;—*he* only escaped a fate similar to Riley's by proving that he was entirely ignorant of the value of horses.

Were one to contend that this ignorance here stood James Judge in good stead, one would show but a faint grasp of the whole subject. The significant point is that had the expressman known the rudi-

ments of equine science, he would have known enough not to buy a horse, valued by his owner, an honorable cabman, at one hundred and twenty-five dollars, for so paltry a sum as seventeen.

A number of people conscientiously believe that the so-called smart set is as useless as the United States Senate. Yet this smart set, more than any other class of society, has a sincere love for the horse; a love neither based like the farmer's on his ability to earn man's livelihood, nor like the turfman's on his value in gambling. If for no other reason, the smart set should be commended for its furtherance of horsemanship. Emerson says that putting a man on horseback raises him above the sordid world as nothing else can; and Mr. Merwin truly calls "the passion for horseflesh a sort of divine madness": from these quotations we may see the amount of good the smart set is doing to humanity, in our degenerate, motorcycle days, by encouraging faithfulness to the horse.

We confidently assert that if expressman James Judge had belonged to the smart set he would never have bought a horse and harness for seventeen dollars. Associating with it would have improved him in horse sense, if in no other way: he would have escaped all the troubles whereof I have written, and been seventeen dollars in; for whereas he was obliged to return the horse and harness to the trusting cabman, it does not appear that Riley had anything left to return to *him*.

## ASHES.

**I**N Texas Edith Daring found new kinds of admirers. The young men who sold ribbons to her in the afternoon, made love to her in the evening. This was a shock to her Virginia prejudices at first, but she soon became reconciled to it; she took naturally to any kind of adoration.

To be loved was her solution of the problem of life, and that rather widely, for varieties sake. Not, "love me little, love me long," but, "love me briefly, love me strong," would have been her motto. She was not cruel, however; very few of her men went so far as to propose, which surprised them when they came to think it over afterwards.

In Texas Edith got variety enough. Besides those who sold ribbons, there were prospective cattle kings, several kinds of cowboys, one Mexican and a New Yorker.

The Mexican's name was Juan Cortez. He rode around on a saddle mostly of silver, and was reputed fabulously wealthy. His importance, however, lies in the favor with which Miss Daring treated him. The New Yorker's name was Manning. He had followed Edith, at a discreet distance, from Old Point Comfort to Texas. She liked, and treated him as one of many. He was patient because he had some philosophy and had seen women won by patience before: moreover he knew that he was the only man there who was not, in Edith's eyes, impossible.

Juan Cortez was the most wildly in love with her. He thought that a particular girl was of more im-

portance than any of the other luxuries of life—as indeed she generally seems at some time of life.

An odd friendship sprang up between Manning and Juan. Each rather pitied the other: Juan because Manning seemed so cold and was not lost in his love, as he was: and Manning because he knew that Juan would have to find his way out again in the end.

Edith, as I have said, was kinder to Juan than to the others. He interested her slightly blasé taste in men by his utter abandon to his love and by his very impossibility as a husband. For most men she had known, love had been an absorbing incident, like horse-racing for instance; for Juan it was life itself. He was different from any of her former lovers: unfortunately the difference was greater than she understood.

The warm Texan fall passed. Edith seemed to forget her former world, and Manning began to wonder if after all it would be possible to be content with a silver saddle. The three rode together without visible jealousy, the Mexican like the incarnate soul of his horse, the New Yorker like a good cross-country rider in a strange saddle, and Edith like the best type of Virginian, which is no small praise.

The friendship between the men changed as the North faded farther back into memory. Juan confided in Manning as though he had been no rival, and Manning, amused at first, encouraged him: later he began to hate Juan with homicidal hate, and to lie awake at night luxuriating in the picture of himself killing Juan in divers picturesque ways. Outwardly, however, he remained the same, and the



Mexican continued to tell him all the friendly things that Edith said, and to ask him if he did not think that she loved him.

Manning's philosophy wore out, but his habits of self-command remained. He smoked a great deal, answered "Yes," to Juan's direct questions, and smoked on.

There are two kinds of "I love you's": those which mean, "I want to marry you"; and those which mean, "I want to kiss you." Edith Daring recognized and repressed Juan's love as of the second kind, until she began to weary of it. When she had decided to nip him in the bud, she took him seriously.

It was after a dance on Christmas Eve, in the house where she was visiting. She and Juan spent a good part of the evening out among the roses in the moonlight. There was coolness enough in the air to forbid for him that content in the mere present living which warmer weather allows. Juan felt that he must obtain some sort of promise from her that night. He knelt at her feet as she sat on the edge of an old well, nearly covered by a climbing rose, and could not understand why she, who had so often seemed almost within his grasp, should now seem a thousand miles away.

Edith's cloak slipped back from her bare arms, as she sat leaning her head on her hands. She wondered why Juan was so unreasonable, but then remembered that it was his unreasonableness for which she had liked him. She did not talk much, she was trying to think of words to tell him gently that she could not love him. Her manner chilled him, though it made his love the more frantic. Just before they returned

to the house, she picked a rose and put it in his coat; it was all she had to give him for his two months' devotion.

Juan and Edith walked back into a large room in one wing of the house, from which a tremendous fire in the big stone fireplace had, in spite of the open windows, driven the guests to a cooler room. He had become as quiet as she. His love was too intense now to talk of: it was almost hate.

Edith stood resting one hand on the mantelpiece, the other stretched out to keep the heat of the fire from her face. She felt sorry for Juan: sorry that he cared so much. She let her cloak fall down about her feet, on the waxed floor, and then lifted one foot for Juan to take off the fur overshoes which she had been wearing outdoors. Her slipper came off, too, and Juan, bending suddenly, kissed her foot passionately, and then springing up caught her in his arms. and— Well, but for that she would not have spoken as she did. The opportunity for gently refusing him had not come, and now she was moved, as she was not often, to be cruel.

Juan snatched from her hair a little dagger he had given her, and stabbed her twice; and she fell without a cry full on the fire.

Kipling says: "A man should, Whatever happens, keep to his own caste, race and breed . . . Then, whatever trouble falls is in the ordinary course of things—neither sudden, alien nor unexpected."

The most curious part was that as Juan had loved Edith physically, so with her physical destruction his love died.

Manning came into the room after a while—it was from him I heard the story. Juan stood stupidly staring at the “senseless nothing” that had been she whom he loved. He turned to Manning and said, as though he could not understand it: “I don’t love her, I don’t love her.”

Manning, I suppose, ought to have handed Juan over to the authorities, but he too, seemed not able to understand. That blackening corpse in the fire was not Edith Daring to him: his first thought was that Juan was no longer his rival. He said, as stupidly as Juan: “Come home; it’s time to go home.”

They went away together, and Juan told him all that had happened. Then Juan got his horse and his silver saddle and rode away towards the Mexican border.

All this happened a good many years ago. Manning never loved anyone else, but assumed a cynical tone about love, as a man has a right to, who has remembered one girl for twenty years. When he told me the story he ended: “I can only remember Edith as I saw her last alive. I wonder if I had seen her die, and—and change, whether my love would have stopped as Juan’s did?” He paused a minute; then said, slowly: “It would almost have been worth while.”

M. M. MANN.

## LITTLE THINGS.

**O**F late years we hear so much about the superior attitude of woman on various questions, that it was but fair to show to the world, Man in his noblest pose, that of protesting against one of the most pernicious movements of modern times, the widespread objection among women to menial labor. Thousands of women are yearly forsaking wholesome housework for the meretricious advantages of shops and factories, while men of eminence, by word and by deed, are showing the dignity that there may be in personal service.

It is but fair, for instance, to tell of the late "Squire" Abington, a man of commanding wealth, and a personal friend of the Prince of Wales and of Mrs. Langtry, acting as bottle-holder to Mitchell in his short but memorable fight with Corbett. And this, as the newspapers said, not that he was particularly skilful, but for the honor of it.

No vainglorious desire to exhibit his dexterity as a bottle-holder moved him. No! he acted simply "for the honor of it"—to show the world that even the position of bottle-holder to a prize-fighter could be filled in a quietly dignified way, if entered into in the right spirit.

Such an example cannot but sustain the bulwarks of society a little while longer; for what servant girl could forsake her mistress for no matter how alluring a dry goods counter, when she read of such humility in one of such station and wealth?

It is gratifying to remember that even his vulgar

associates appreciated the sterling qualities of Squire Abington's character. Corbett himself—though on the other side of the prize-fight—on hearing of Squire Abington's death, pronounced him a good fellow and a perfect gentleman.

Again, what cook could desert her post after reading in the *Boston Herald* the half-column account of how its reporter obtained a jar of pickles for Almy, the murderer, when he was lying dangerously wounded in the hotel, which was his temporary jail?

No! While man sets such an example to the snob-bish sex, we shall have cooks. And while we have cooks we shall have civilization.

\* \* \*

It is largely a matter of size after all. We should not put a pestiferous cow into a bog and let her struggle to death; yet we use Tanglefoot fly-paper with rejoicings.

\* \* \*

Had I served the classics with half the faithfulness I've served detective stories I should probably now be a professor, instead of a warning. Of the classics I will not speak; I know enough about them not to refer to them as just out, and that has to suffice me: on one phase of detective stories I wish to raise up my voice, earnestly and with some measure of authority. As the baseball rooter spends his winter, writing imperious letters to the newspapers on how next year's team should be made up, though during the larger part of the year he had done no more arduous labor than sitting on hard bleachers, so I, loafing amid the supernatural realms in which the detective lives and moves and has his being, have

been impelled to write a word of advice and warning to the makers of future detective literature.

No one can approve of love more than I, both abstractly and concretely ; no one rejoiced more than I when they finally wilt into each others arms ; and no one more than I commends novelists for leaving them happy ever after, instead of telling us the trials and tribulations which really come to them after marriage ; and yet love seems to me sadly out of place in a detective story. Of course it is entirely proper to say that the figure-head hero is engaged to her, and cannot be married until the dark cloud which rests over him is dispelled. Also it is proper after the real climax, when the detective claps his hand on the quailing shoulder of the culprit, to have a little anti-climax of falling into arms and rapturous joy. It is well to indicate these things, but to dilate on them in painfully insufficient language—for detective writers as a rule are not felicitous in describing love passages—is almost as trying as Marie Correlli's descriptions of heaven.

No, in detective stories, love must merely be the skeleton of plot on which is built the story of somebody's acuteness, instead of—as in other romances—being the juicy delectable meat *on* the skeleton.

\* \* \*

Your sensualist destroys all his finer capabilities and then complains that the world offers him nothing but the unsatisfying pleasure of sense.

\* \* \*

I went to my first political meeting of the season the other night. It was a sound money meeting and

meted out some good arguments, a lot of drool, and one anecdote that was new to me. Incidentally, I also learned that the orators at the Indianapolis convention surpassed Cicero, Demosthenes, Burke, Webster, and others. Indeed, Bryan as an orator was not left an adjective to stand on.—But for the anecdote:—

A man in Nelson county called on a prominent lawyer and asked for his influence for the office of distributor.

“But,” said the lawyer, “there is nothing to be got now, and I never heard of the office of distributor.”

“I know there’s nothing now,” replied the man, “but when Bryan is elected they’ll be obliged to have some one to distribute all that free silver, and I want the job for Nelson county.”

Once I was calling on an elderly gentleman, whose nose looks like the wine when it is red. He told me about his vineyard and the number of hundred gallons of wine he made every year.

I inquired if there was a good sale for wine.

“Y-e-s,” he answered, in a hesitating way, “*but*,” brightening up, “but we *consume* it.”

To be Distributor would be nice, but how much grander, while one was about it, to be *Consumer*.

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